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## THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SALVATION

ONE of the most perplexing and distressing features of our age is the impotence of the Christian Church in the sphere of social relationships. The greater part of Europe has been nominally Christian for more than a millennium, and Northern America also since its discovery and colonization by the white races. Until the meteoric rise to power of Japan, the Christian nations have dominated the world, and given character to its social organization. Yet a survey of the world as it is to-day—the suppression of liberty, the exaggerated nationalism, the enormous expenditure on armaments, the actuality, brutality and menace of war, the fierce commercial competition, the failure to secure fairness in the distribution of wealth and privileges—proves that the ethic of Christianity is not mirrored in the social life of Christendom. Private morality probably never stood higher than it does to-day. In spite of the vices that lurk beneath the surface, and occasionally show their ugly forms—the drug-taking, the sexual laxity and the brutality—it is true of the peoples generally that they live decently. Even in the spheres of business and politics individual conduct gives little ground for censure. There is a high standard of honesty in business, and no little unselfishness. Politics may be a dirty game, but the average politician seldom descends to action which is personally dishonourable. The fact that war, actual or possible, fills the political sky is certainly not due to bloodthirstiness, or exaggerated national ambition or pride, in the hearts of people generally, in this land or in any other. Yet, notwithstanding this comparatively high level of individual conduct, a great part of social life remains

pagan, and the Christian ethic, so far from dominating it, has scarcely found a foothold there.

Christian Ethics are derived from the teaching and spirit of Jesus, modified and enlarged by the experience of history. Jesus Himself was a great individualist, in two related but distinct senses. Following Jeremiah and Ezekiel He stressed the value and responsibility of the individual. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?' No other moral teacher of any age or land has set forth so clearly the supreme, absolute and eternal value of personality. Though that principle is being violently challenged to-day, both in theory and in practice, it is so vital to the Christian system that it cannot drop out of ethics unless Christianity itself is wrecked.

But Jesus was an individualist also in the sense that His appeal was made wholly to the individual. He did not even attempt crowd conversion which, though it has a psychology of its own, is only an inflated and less healthy variant of individual conversion. As a popular Rabbi Jesus was often to be found in the midst of a crowd, but He never practised the methods of mass suggestion by which men have frequently sought to advance their views and command wide influence. Even when He had the crowd at His feet, as on the occasion of the triumphal march into Jerusalem, He refused to use His power merely to sweep the people into the current of His purpose. Eager only to get spiritual truth into the minds of men He used no method save that of personal appeal. It would appear that, on the threshold of His ministry, other methods—in particular, sensationalism and force—had been considered by Him, only to be rejected. He would declare His message, and trust to its impression on the minds of His hearers.

That incontestable fact of the Master's individualism has been pressed in wrong ways to wrong conclusions. It has been used to support the idea that Christianity is purely individualistic, with no other concern than to secure a right



relation between each human soul and God ; or the less extreme idea that the salvation of society is a secondary interest and will follow automatically as individuals are saved one by one. But that conclusion, in either of its forms, can only be reached by ignoring certain factors. The difference between the early stages of a movement and its later developments is ignored. Jesus was starting a new spiritual movement, and it was vital that He should get His ideas home to men's hearts. He must be a prophet. Had He chosen to be a political agitator, or a social reformer, He might have done a great work, but not the work which was peculiarly His. It does not follow, however, that when Christianity had dug itself into the world's life, and become a recognized and to some extent a triumphant movement, it must still observe such restriction. It cannot. Its very success compels new methods. The reformer is the son of the prophet.

Again, the message of Jesus, as distinguished from His method, was social to an amazing degree. While He claimed for every individual direct and immediate touch with God, He insisted that such divine relationship could not be divorced from human relationships. A man cannot be right with God while he is wrong with his fellows. He cannot enjoy God's forgiveness if he will not forgive. The second great commandment, which Jesus described as being like—that is, of the same nature as—the first, is to love one's neighbour. Personal salvation is not secured by worrying about it, but rather by forgetting self in outward activities. Love is the cornerstone of the ethical temple, the only valid bond between men. If a human relationship has got tangled even worship must be suspended until the tangle is straightened out. Where, in all history, is there a body of teaching that stresses so fully right social actions as the true expression of religion?

Again, the ultimate ideal of Jesus was a social one. He called individual men and women to see and accept that ideal, but the ideal itself went far beyond the individual and his salvation. The 'Kingdom of God', or 'Reign of God',

which was the subject of His teaching, may not have been quite the concrete thing that it has been represented to be. But, even so, the phrase meant a great deal more than the rule of God in the lives of individuals; it meant a perfect human society on earth in which God's will was done as it is done in heaven. Jesus combined with the method of individual appeal that of fellowship, and the two were so woven together as to be inseparable. It would strengthen my argument if, in this connexion, I could appeal to the fact of the Church; but I take the view that Jesus never spoke of the Church, and did not envisage such an organized institution. But He certainly created a fellowship, and intended it to continue and grow and be the outward and visible manifestation of the new spirit of brotherhood in the world.

The history of Christianity naturally divides into three sections. In the first three centuries the new movement was fighting, first for existence and then for victory, against the forces of paganism. The Church was then, necessarily, a self-contained and self-governing community within the community. Rauschenbusch says, 'the Churches of the first generation were not Churches in our sense of the word. . . . They were social communities with a religious basis'. It was impossible for the small, scattered congregations of Christians to exercise a direct influence on general social and political life. Their rigid monotheism and distinct ethical standard raised a barrier between them and the organized pagan life in the midst of which they were cast. Cut off from participation in much of the common life of society, the Christian Church sought compensation by creating an elaborate organization within itself. Students of this period have shown with what generous care provision was made for the poor, how those who lost their work were sustained until they were again able to find employment, how in the case of those imprisoned for their faith their needs were met and care taken of those dependent on them. The Church took the place of life insurance, sick benefits, accident insurance,

friendly societies and trade-unions to those who came within its circle. It is difficult to see in what other way the enriched social consciousness of the early Church could have found expression. On the outside world its impact was evangelical only. The social application of its Gospel had to be made almost entirely within the borders of its own brotherhood.

The second period dates from the time of Constantine to that of Luther. The rise of Christianity to social recognition and political power changed the face of the situation. The Church now shared with the State the task of government. Within the Roman Empire it was recognized as the moral and spiritual guide of the community, and was able to influence its economic and political life in a direct way. At first it was faced with a huge missionary task. The heathen tribes which overran the Empire and broke up its unity had to be won to the Christian faith. When that task was accomplished the Church was the most powerful institution in the world. It was one—the symbol of Christian unity—firmly established in every country and imposing a common standard of behaviour. Unfortunately the official Church left the path of Christian lowliness to go in pursuit of secular power, and was more concerned about its own authority than about the fundamental principles of its Faith. The most appalling immoralities crept into it, until it might have been justly said at some periods that official Christianity was the grossest imaginable contradiction of the Christian spirit. But that black part of its history is only a part, and a small part. Throughout this period the Christian Church, in spite of its blemishes, preserved a certain ideal of Christian society. The Church was no longer a community within the community; it *was* the community on its religious side. Every individual was necessarily a member of the Church, unless excommunicated, and in any case was subject to its discipline. Society was nominally a Christian society. In practice it fell far short of the ideal, and the ideal itself was much below that outlined in the New Testament. But, such as it was, it

was real, and generally accepted—and it worked. The demands of the Church softened the tyranny of rulers, curbed the turbulence and cruelty of the barons, threw safeguards around the poor, protected learning, made war more humane, fostered chivalry, and maintained a certain uniformity of belief and behaviour throughout the whole of Christendom. Though the Church came to be broken in two the breach had no serious social consequences. Unlike the larger disruption of the Protestant Reformation it was wholly geographical, and as the East was politically a distinct world from the West, and the traffic between the two was not considerable, it only meant that there were now two Christian communities, with little reaction the one on the other.

This sketch of the middle period of Christian history in relation to the social order needs much enlarging, modifying and shading to make it a true picture. It suffices for our purpose, however, if it makes clear the fact that the medieval Church maintained a communal ideal of its mission and, with whatever shortcomings, strove to create a Christian society.

The third period, opening with the Reformation and still going on, is coincident with the history of Protestantism. During these four centuries the world has undergone such colossal changes that the situation to-day is totally unlike that of either of the preceding periods. (1) The unity of the Church has been shattered. The followers of Jesus Christ are found grouped in a hundred distinct camps, and new amalgams and new schisms may at any time appear. (2) Nationalism, which began to arise before the Reformation and was causing serious difficulty to the Roman Church, has become the most prominent political feature of our times. The Protestant cleavage fostered its growth, and that strange phenomenon—a National Church—has appeared in some countries. It may be claimed that this linking-up of State and Church makes for a Christian society, giving Christianity a definite and recognized place in the organized life of the community. Opinions differ on that point, but whatever is

gained is at the sacrifice of catholicity and freedom. (3) Perhaps the most significant change has been the almost complete secularization of life. The medieval Church took under its wing all the many-sided interests of men—science, art, education, etc., as well as religion; with the result that the expression of personality in research and creation had to be made within the limits imposed by the Church. It has been a great gain that these secular interests have won independence, and are now free to do their own work in harmony with their own canons without regard to theological doctrines. Even over such practical interests as politics and business, which are closely related to ethics, the Church has now no jurisdiction. (4) This period has been marked also by the growth of individual freedom. Political as well as ecclesiastical fetters have been wrenched off, and the individual has won the right to think for himself and, within very wide limits, to express himself as he wills. Through causes which lie outside our purview democracy has received a set-back since the War, and the Totalitarian State has arisen to reduce personal liberty to a shadow, but in all probability the reaction is only temporary. This insistence on freedom of thought and of speech has created for the Church an entirely new situation. There is in Christian countries widespread scepticism in regard to the Christian faith. And where active unbelief is not professed there is often indifference, at least to organized religion. The Church, which once embraced the whole community, even though many did not rise to its ethical demands, can now only claim a minority of the people as nominally attached to it. It has to give a great deal of its energy to the missionary task of converting men and women to acceptance of its faith.

The reaction of these changes on the Church has been to lead it into a one-sided individualism, and seriously to weaken its sense of communal obligation. The Evangelical Churches especially conceived their mission as being simply the winning of the individual to Christian discipleship. Religion

became steeped in other-worldliness, and this world was left to go to the devil. In so far as social salvation was envisaged it was merely as the natural result of universal conversion. During the last two generations there has been a distinct arousing of the Christian social conscience. The Churches have awakened to the fact that they have some responsibility for the social order as well as for the individual. Synods and Conferences discuss, and pass resolutions on matters of public interest; preachers allude to, and express themselves on, passing events. But the social effort of the Church is still regarded rather as an annexe to its real business than as an integral part of it. It has not yet seized the idea that its task is to transform the kingdoms of the world into the Kingdom of God, and that its individual appeal, though central and vital, is only one aspect of its mission, and seriously crippled when it stands alone. For various reasons the community work which the Church is doing seems to be largely futile. Its sermons and resolutions leave the world in the same morass of poverty, confusion and strife.

It is evident that the position of the Church in the world to-day is very different from its position in any previous age. In some respects there has been a swing-back to the early days of Christianity; the Church is confronted with a huge evangelistic task, and it has recovered the old evangelical message. But the intellectual and social conditions under which its work has to be done are entirely different from those in the Roman Empire. There is a considerable medieval cult to-day. Some Protestants throw a halo around the Middle Ages, when the Church in the West was one and powerful, and they see salvation for the world in getting back to the pre-Reformation state. It is a vain dream, impossible if desirable, undesirable if possible. Gone for ever is the day when a Pope or a Synod could speak authoritatively for the Christian Church, and let us thank God that it is so. The world will never surrender the tremendous gains that have been won since the Reformation, and partly through it—the



freedom of the so-called secular departments of activity from theological dictation, and the right of private judgment—even though these things yield tares as well as wheat. The recovered emphasis on the salvation of the individual is good. Though there can be no salvation for any man apart from his place in the community, it is imperative to bear in mind that mere participation with the community without personal response and effort is of no avail. The branch on the tree may be withered. The Church must accept the changes which the years have brought and adjust itself to them, and face its social task in the world as it is. It cannot do twentieth-century work with fifteenth-century weapons.

Undoubtedly the Church is weakened by its divisions. It has no common organ of expression. We may look back with wistful regret to the efforts of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More who strove to preserve the unity of the Church while cleansing it of its errors and corruptions. But the simple fact is that the disease was too deep-seated for such a remedy; that only the desperate surgery of Luther could have preserved New Testament Christianity for the world. The movement towards reunion has now begun, but it will require many generations for its completion; and unless the present arrogant temper of Rome is modified it never will reach its goal. But too much stress may be laid on 'our unhappy divisions'. Organic unity is an ideal to cherish and strive for, but it will not of itself secure a more effective application of Christian principles to communal life. When the Church becomes enthusiastic for social salvation, and has made up her mind what social salvation is and how it is to be secured, her disunity will not prove a serious handicap. Driving-force lies always in passion allied to knowledge, and not in organization; or rather, passion and knowledge will create the organization needed for the ends sought. It is more likely that an impassioned desire for the salvation of society should break down denominational barriers and bring reunion than that a reunited Church should achieve social salvation.

The weakness of the Church in this sphere lies in a double fact. First, that the Church as a whole does not envisage the redemption of society as its task. The balance still dips towards individualism. Even the Roman Church has lost its old social outlook. It still hankers after temporal power, but in its present state of political impotence it seems to care little about the salvation of society. Rome forbade its people to take any part in Copec, and refused to co-operate in the Life and Work Conference at Stockholm. The Protestant Churches, though more alive to the need of social effort, regard it in too detached a fashion. The second fact is that the Church has no agreed and common programme of social reform. The 'right of private judgement' has broken the unity of the Church in another than the merely organic sense. It has brought into the Church conflicting views on theological and moral questions. Political divisions are mirrored there. When a Convocation of the Church of England or a Methodist Conference passes a resolution on any social question it cannot be assumed that it is expressing the mind of the whole, or even of the major part, of the constituency it represents. National feeling, class interest, and other strong passions affect the judgement of Christian people. Christians in the Houses of Parliament, in the Churches, and in the country, are divided on practically every social issue. We sorely need a Christian Social Philosophy, but by whom and how is it to be shaped?

There is our chief difficulty. We may say with deep conviction that in the Gospel lies the only hope of world salvation; but what good is that when we do not agree on the application of the Gospel to social issues? The only effective moral force that the Church can use to-day is spontaneous and organized Christian conviction. On some specific and localized issue it is possible now and again to get an outburst of conviction and direct it to a practical end, and before it opposition always gives way. But how secure is it for the big issue of social salvation, when we do not even know what we want, much less how to get it? There is no way to a Christian Social

Philosophy save the slow one of research and debate. Oracles are dumb. Truth can only be beaten out on the anvil of experience by the hammer of free discussion; and it has no social authority except as it commends itself to the minds of men generally.

That may seem a pessimistic conclusion, but it is not; it is only a protest against the idea that the Church can swing back to earlier conditions, or that social salvation can come by fiat. If the Church is to be an effective saviour of society it must adjust itself to the facts of modern life, and see clearly its responsibility and its line of action. The first and fundamental necessity is to win back the conviction that the creation of a Christian social order is an integral part of its mission. Without any weakening of its evangelistic fervour—for men must be converted to the faith, and children educated in it—it must seek the wider vision. On the Mission Field not only are converts being won but life is being redeemed from cruelty and superstition and raised to higher levels. It is a matter of shame to us that when visitors come from India or Africa to Europe and see what we euphemistically call 'our Christian civilization' they are appalled by what they see, and wonder why we send our missionaries to them. Commerce, politics, international relations—the whole of our 'secular' life—must be brought into harmony with our Christian ethic, and it is our first duty to see that every Christian man and woman recognizes this as an essential part of that supreme task of 'seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness'. Good citizenship bulks larger in Christian duty than any Church has yet recognized.

Then we can work for better inter-denominational relations. Even in the absence of organic unity it is possible to form federations of various kinds, and to unite our forces, for the achievement of great social purposes. We must appreciate more fully also the value of non-religious institutions that are working for the same ends. The Church may be God's chief instrument for the saving of the world, but it is by no

means His only one. The Church has many allies, and does not always acknowledge them. It is chiefly through organizations outside the Church that the real work of social redemption has to be done, and it is a part of our task to strengthen that Christian idealism which ought to inspire them and frequently in some measure does. The Church must give greater encouragement to Christian men to shoulder the burdens of public life, and to do it as a part of their Christian duty and not to grind some axe of their own or to gratify some personal ambition. And the Church must go forward with her task of ethical research. Is there a Christian doctrine of the State? What are the limits to the authority of the individual conscience? Is Democracy the ideal mode of government, and can any form of dictatorship be morally justified? What are the forces that make for war, and how can they be defeated? Is Pacifism the only possible Christian attitude to war? Is the Individualist State, with its competitive methods and its stupendous inequalities, essentially immoral? If so, is Socialism the only alternative, and if not how can the immoral features of the present system be removed? These, and a thousand other questions on which good men are divided, must be honestly faced and answered, without regard to consequences, in the light of the ethical principles of our faith. And the Church must seek deliverance from the sway of those worldly interests that distort her judgement, and the courage to be absolutely true to her vision. Christendom which, as regards the individuals that compose it, never touched a higher moral standard than now, was probably never nearer to complete disaster than now, owing to the fact that its social organization has scarcely felt the breath of the Christian spirit. Individuals, as such, can do little to bring salvation, but the united moral forces of the world could do it; and it lies with the Christian Church to rally these forces and make the Gospel socially as well as individually operative.

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## MUST DEMOCRACY PERISH?

**T**HERE is urgent need to face this question. When, in April 1917, America entered the War, President Wilson urged the necessity on the ground that 'the world must be made safe for democracy'. Two years later he said: 'The day of democracy has come to stay. . . . The struggle of the peoples has gone on beneath the surface for years. . . . Now the hour has struck, and the thing has been achieved. . . . ' But he added, as if some uncertainty had crossed his mind: 'What day shall this be of which the dawn has come? Some predict the summer day of noon. Others dread it, and foresee tempest and darkness.'—The world believed with President Wilson, although few shared the hidden fear. The War was over. The Central Powers had been beaten. We were free for ever from the menace of tyranny. . . . 1939! What is it that we behold after twenty years? The President's hidden fear has become a general alarm amongst free Nations. Under our eyes we behold the passing, from Great Peoples, of the last vestiges of democracy. By Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and many others, the very idea is ridiculed. 'This *alleged* democracy must be swept away.' Fascism has arisen in Germany, Italy, Spain and Turkey—to name no more. And other peoples are oscillating. Fascism is making a bid for the world. Its rival, Communism, which, *au fond*, is allied to it, has captured Russia. For the moment, owing to internal necessities, Russia is attending to her own affairs. But she has not renounced her ambition to become a Missionary to the World. She only awaits her opportunity. The only 'great' States which remain theoretically Democratic are America, France and Britain. In the great speech of President Roosevelt over the radio in the first week of 1938, the President had to defend the Democratic principle which, in his own country, is attacked by many in sinister ways. Great Britain remains

nominally democratic, but even here underground movements betray their presence in various ways. And more than once in recent times, free Parliamentary Institutions have been openly challenged by public men. In two notable speeches, the late Prime Minister, now Earl Baldwin, found it necessary to defend our National inheritance. With these facts before us, it has become urgent to face the whole question anew, and to ask, Is Democracy doomed? Is its day 'naturally' over? Must we return to some form of Dictatorship or Tyranny? Or does Democracy need re-examining, cleansing, and re-vitalizing?

*What do we mean by Democracy?* The word is in common use. What exactly is its import? As every schoolboy should know, it was the Greeks who gave us the word. But there was no real Democracy in Greece, corresponding to the high-sounding name—'the rule of the people'. The people did *not* rule. They were sharply divided into free citizens and slaves. The former alone could meet for the discussion of public affairs, and when a vote was taken, place the white stone in the bowl. The slaves, who formed a considerable portion of the population, were allowed no voice whatever in public matters. They were merely 'things'. . . . In one sense, the rule of the Greek city States was Fascist. Neither was there in Rome any true idea of democracy. The patrician families alone ruled, and from their number the Senate was chosen. Rome became an Empire under Augustus, but its Imperialism had no relation whatever to the glory of the British Empire; a Commonwealth of Free peoples. Democracy is, in truth, quite a modern thing: not more than three hundred years old. Roughly, we may date its beginnings from the rise of the Dutch republic, and its progress through the wars with Spain, the two French Revolutions, 1789 and 1848, and the War of American Independence 1776. It came to Britain last of all, after two centuries of struggle. Only within living memory has Britain granted Adult Suffrage (for men), the free and secret vote, and finally votes for women.



Theoretically, we are a Democracy. We are proud of it. We boast of it. *But are we, in reality, democratic?* Deferring for a few moments the examination of this question, we must, at this stage, define exactly what we mean, or think we mean, by *modern* Democracy. It is generally defined as 'that form of government in which the people choose their rulers, who represent them in carrying out the desires of the people'. It is quite a defective definition, omitting most of the vital things. But it is generally understood as the system of government which is opposed to autocracy, or class rule of any kind. The King, once an absolute monarch, is now only a Constitutional monarch, possessing very little real power. He remains chiefly a Symbol. Abraham Lincoln has been generally accepted as the prophet of Democracy. His famous sentence, 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people', is supposed to be the classic formula of the Democratic principle. But his further definition is not so generally quoted: namely, 'that form of Government which elevates the condition of men: lifts artificial burdens from their shoulders, and offers to all a fair chance of life'. Few would deny that these definitions represent the generally accepted idea of Democracy.

But the word 'Government' in the definition, is often glossed over. Its implications are not always realized. Democracy cannot, to be true, deny Government, which is essential to any Society or State. And it places the *responsibility* of Government upon the shoulders of the people. There are many who use the word Democracy as a fetish. It is something that works magically; something that somehow comes to pass without effort on the part of *all* the people. Hence, at an election, vast numbers of persons never vote at all, and afterwards complain of 'bad Government'. Others appear to regard 'Democracy' as a covering term for a vague kind of freedom which permits individuals to do pretty much as they like, within the limits of the law. But that is merely anarchy, incipient, or developed. . . .

Democracy, if it be true, must repose upon sound foundations which are outside itself. If it be based upon simple expediency, or if it be no more than a 'wish fulfilment', or only another expression of human power, having its origin within itself, then in the nature of things, humanity being what it is, sooner or later it must disappear, and go the way of all interim experiments. It is of great importance, therefore, to settle, once for all, the basis of Democracy: the rock (as distinguished from the sand) upon which it is built.

And it is found, not in the realm of politics, or sociology, but in the constitution of man as God has created him. In plain language, it is religious in its basis, or it is nothing more than an illusion. There can be no such thing as the equivalent of Democracy in the animal world. Animals may gather in packs or flocks or groups, but there is nothing in their assembling which answers to any 'law of association', as in the human world. Cattle are hunted or tamed by man. They fall under his dictatorship. He compels them to do his work, to provide him with clothing and food. It is not in their power to set up a government against him. They have their own rules, their own 'Government' if you like, their own code. Generally 'old man ape' rules the apes, until his power fails, then all fear of him departs and he comes to an untimely end. It is force that rules in the animal world. The strongest becomes the 'dictator'. If man be only an animal, even of the highest class, then the law of the jungle—however splendidly or craftily disguised—will operate in his life. No real Democracy is possible if its underlying philosophy is that of scientific (or unscientific) materialism. Sooner or later the animal will break loose, and 'old man ape', developed, will wield the club or throw the stones. It is not without reason that Lenin and Kemal were Atheists and Stalin anti-God; that Hitler does not practise religion, and Mussolini, with his tongue in his cheek, bows to the Pope. The only enduring basis of a genuine Democracy is the Christian truth about man: that he is a child of God,

an individual, a person, a free soul: that each man counts, not in actual but in potential value: that man is meant for fullness of being, to be 'crowned' with life; that all God's children are meant to grow up: that in any handling of man by the Community, the *whole man* is to be considered and respected.

The *WHOLE MAN* and not a part of him.

The man *physical*. A Democracy must further the welfare of his physical life, attending carefully to such matters as pure air, wholesome food, good housing and sufficient clothing for *all*, even the unworthy and the backward. It must protect childhood and aim at producing a virile race. It cannot afford to foster a C3 people. It must succour motherhood, making it noble, and shielding it from disease and weakness.

The man *rational*. A Democracy must respect the mind of man, giving it the opportunity of full education and development, apart from any question of finance. It is under the obligation to discover what is *in*-duced by the gift of God, and to *e*-duce it, not in stereotyped and mechanized ways, but in psychological ways.

The man *economic*. A Democracy must remember that men must work to live: that all men who can work are entitled to work: that work is not a punishment for sin but a Divine means of expressing life in acts of creation. Its economic system must be arranged to meet the demands of life, and not *\*primarily* to heap up profits.

The man *Social*. A Democracy must recognize the right of association, for purposes of mutual help and comradeship. It can only justly veto that right when it is perverted into an instrument of harm to the community, or a means of sowing dissensions.

The man *Spiritual*. A Democracy cannot enter into the secret sanctuary of man's soul, and close its doors, or deliberately defile it. It is bound, therefore, to respect the right of man to worship, to learn the mysteries of his faith, and to

propagate that faith in honourable ways. It cannot be partisan. It must allow full liberty for religion, and when the vast majority of men wish to practise their religion, it has the obligation to prevent a minority from hindering them. If a Government professing to represent the people cannot be reverent towards the Highest which citizens worship, then it forfeits its right to govern. It has abused its power and become tyrannical. . . .

True Democratic Government, being a Government for the people on behalf of ALL the people, certain things necessarily follow:

1. Such a Government is obliged by its very nature, to transcend partial politics, and to set forth, as its goal, the good of the whole people, and not that of any one 'class', 'working' class or any other. If its delegated power dips heavily on one side, to the detriment of the other, then the obligation of trusteeship is obscured and outraged. The very idea of 'class war', beloved of the Marxians, is as foreign to the ideal of Democracy as it is, in conception, inhuman. Before men, sympathetically, or in panic, swing over to 'Right' or 'Left', they should think fundamentally, and also establish an enlightened conscience. Democrats have often failed here. For them, the 'people' means something sectional. It lacks comprehensiveness. Those on the 'Right' are often equally guilty. For them the 'people' means a privileged section of the Community. Hence there arises that continual clash which possesses the appearance of war, and always leads to unnecessary strife.

2. Democracy must recognize the simple, *natural* facts of life; and mainly the indisputable fact of the existence of *natural* differences and inequalities in Society. Human gifts vary, and their variety calls for the performance of different tasks. It is futile to dash our heads against rock. There are brain workers and hand workers, naturally born, who are not 'condemned', but *destined* for certain work, which, in the interests of the whole people, must be distributed.

Men are born mathematically or mechanically minded. And no man finds himself who has not also found his task. When he has found it, he experiences the joy of knowing that he shares in a common creative work, the fruits of which belong to all. To this it will be at once replied that Society is so constructed to-day as to thwart many in the exercise of their proper vocation. Men must often take the job they can and not the job they should. Machinery has destroyed the simplicity of the Middle Ages and the joy and comradeship of the Guilds. We must fit in where there is room, and fight for a place. Obviously there is something wrong here, and that wrong a true Democratic Government will seek to right. But the swiftness with which the world has changed has thrown the world into confusion, and it is not possible to straighten things out in a brief period. What is disarranged in an hour may take a year to set in order. The danger is that the very magnitude of the task may produce the temper of *laissez faire*. It is the goal that matters, primarily, and that goal must be steadily kept in view. Yet, it must be admitted that, despite the progress that has been made, and the alleviations that have been offered, things might have moved much faster. There has been too little sense of *urgency*. . . .

3. The recognition of differences of gift and vocation carries its deadly dangers: on the one side, vanity, snobbery and exploitation; on the other envy, sullenness and slackness. If these remain unchecked, then poisoned thorns penetrate into the body politic, and the way is prepared for revolution. There is an end of true Democracy. The check cannot come from without. It must come from within. And the only way in which it can be effective is by the recognition that all gifts are from God, not one being created by man, and that all necessary and honest work is noble and Divine. And for this we must return to religion. For it goes against the natural grain to concede that a dustman or a postman, has as honourable a place in the common life as a Prime Minister or an Archbishop. Different, certainly, but honourable.

And 'superior' or 'inferior' only in a relative sense, and not in any sense which implies disrespect to humanity. This will be a hard saying for many, but the question is, Is it *true*? Religion only will solve the antinomy. But education also can do much. There are many who believe that our present segregated system of education, with its declared gulf between classes which have no opportunity of understanding each other, must be radically changed. And many are asking why great school foundations, originally intended for the poor, have passed into other hands. Democratic Government must face the issues fairly and squarely.

4. Then there is what is the vital question for many; that of security. Fear of losing the job, and dread of the consequences of unemployment, make men either careless or defiant. No 'dole' can eventually satisfy them. Moscow makes a great appeal to the dispossessed. It is a little *banal* to cry 'Britain can never become as Russia'; when men grow desperate, anything is possible. And the banishment of Democracy from many parts of the earth, is the warning bell to Britain to think again. Democracy cannot survive unless security is established.

It should be evident to any thinking man that there is a great case for immediate examination. There is a considerable literature of the 'Left' in circulation, and young men and women in particular, especially at the Universities, are keen on what they call 'social justice' for all. The demand for a Democracy in which there shall be no necessity for strikes, no scorn for unpleasant tasks, and no private rights in public things—land, air, or water, or landscapes—is growing. We may like it or not. Our likes and dislikes should not enter into the matter. It is the question of right or wrong that must be openly faced and settled. And it can be settled only by honourable men, who accept the principle of a *true* Democracy.

Democracy will remain a mere doctrine, and potentially a dangerous one, unless it is based upon fundamental justice



for the *whole* people, from the King downwards. The ideal, as expounded by Lincoln, must appeal to all as fundamentally just; namely, that each individual must be free to achieve a complete human life, and that the Community must become a free fellowship of free people, differing from each other, but working together for the common good of all.

With these principles before us we can now answer two questions. First. Are the rivals, Fascism, and Marxian Communism, superior to Democracy? Both rivals govern the people, *certes*. And they profess to govern for the good of the people. But they scorn the idea that the people should govern, even by representatives. There are no representatives of the people. There is an oligarchy and a Dictatorship. The people are pawns in their game, the individual is merged in the mass. Man's mental, social and religious freedom is respected in theory, and denied in practice. There is neither freedom of speech, nor social freedom, nor religious freedom. Where is there a free newspaper in Germany, Italy, Russia or Turkey? Even the radio is not free. People cannot hear what the rest of the world is saying. They can only hear what the Censor permits to pass. And when others tell the truth about things, a 'jam' in the ether ruins the message. There is no need for us to belittle the good both Fascism and Marxist Communism have done for Germany, Italy, Turkey and Russia. But we dare not overlook the tyranny, the restriction of liberty, the persecution of minorities. And in full view of the *entire* story, Britons should ask, '*Do we desire to barter Democracy for that?*'

There is a nearer and more delicate question, *Is England really a Democracy?* Have we ever accepted the Democratic ideal as amplified by Lincoln, and seriously attempted to put it into practice? Theoretically, the answer is 'Yes'. But what is it in reality? Has the story of our last seventy years been proof of our enthusiasm to seek first the weal of the entire people? If so, how shall we explain the fact that nearly every advance has been made in the teeth of

almost virulent opposition? That efficient education for the 'people' has been slowly and often grudgingly granted? That until the Great War the continual plea was 'We cannot afford it', and then for War purposes we cheerfully found five millions sterling *per day*?—more than was asked for certain reforms during an entire year! It is true that we have a free Press, a free vote, civil and religious liberty. We have open Forums in Hyde Park and in the Bull Ring, where anybody may say anything within the limits of decency. But have we economic freedom? Ninety per cent of the people work for other people: a thing not at all bad in itself, but liable to the gravest abuses. Virtually we are under the power of Mammon, not always well used. And the freedom of the Press is not always what it claims to be. Great magnates control our thinking, permitting us to know such things as *they* desire to be known, and withholding from us other things that we ought to know. Parliamentary and foreign news are often 'edited'. The public can offer no proper verdict because the whole of the evidence is not before it. We are not free to develop the whole of our life, culturally or spiritually. The net which encloses us is too finely woven to admit of free passage to and fro: And travel, that enlarger of thought and sympathy, is the privilege only of the comparatively few. . . .

It is this situation which produces an atmosphere which may easily be impregnated by Fascist and Communist poisons. And on that account it is dangerous. The rise of the Blackshirts must not be too easily dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. *The only effective counter to the spirit which has possessed the Continent, is the completion in Britain and U.S.A. of a true Democracy which can demonstrate that it has every virtue claimed by its rivals, and none of their vices. . . .*

*A completed Democracy!*

It is the quality of the people that matters. We need better men and women who become fit to govern. Democracy

*au fond* is not a political but a spiritual question, and it concerns every member of the Community, and not only a *bourgeoisie* or an *élite*. To quote Lincoln finally, 'the theory of Democracy demands a moral, intelligent electorate'. The leaders then elected of the people, to govern the people, could truly represent the people, since the average would be raised, and the extremes diminished. It was said of Lincoln that 'he stripped every question of its political and economic aspects, laying bare its moral character'. They who adopt Lincoln's famous one-line watchword, should remember his moral philosophy, which in summary is:

Two things are essential for moral fitness; education, in its larger sense, and discipline.

Education! by which is meant much more than the mere imparting of what is generally called 'secular knowledge'. It includes that, of course. But it means also training in the humanities: education for *life*, and for mutual service. Youth must be taught from the beginning the meaning of our human life, personal responsibility to God and man for living, understanding of others, co-operation with others, sacrifice for others. And this, not as something added to life as an 'extra', but as life itself, without which 'the common life' is impossible. In a word, education must be religious, and Christian, in the broad sense. It cannot be dogmatic and theological in the provided schools, but it ought to be definitely Christian. Even 'Rationalists', if decent, could raise no objection to this. Not only should the teaching have regard to our own people; the humanities should comprehend all peoples and their human relation to each other, only so can we avoid the false and pernicious 'Nationalism' which is the curse of Fascist countries. But this moral education must begin before ever the professional teacher handles the child at the age of five. It is the duty of parents to initiate it in the home, so that the child, upon entering school, has its life *foundation* laid. So long as parents decline this responsibility, and turn the child over at five to the school to *commence* its 'education',

will a true Democracy be impossible. Upon the foundation of morals 'secular education' must be erected: the two becoming at length one building. And if from the beginning, it is plainly set forth to the children that their main business is to live and fit in with other lives, a great step will have been taken towards the creation of a genuine Democracy. From such young people a new type of leader will be evolved. The tradition of hereditary rulers, drawn from a class which has no vital relationship with the people will be broken, and in its place a new and better tradition will spring up. Competency, *wherever found*, will be the passport to Government, not aloof from the people, but from the heart of the people. Democracy will approximate to Brotherhood.

But this will evolve severe discipline, not imposed, as in Fascist and Marxian States, but taught as natural and welcomed as a means to the common good. Regimentation, mechanization and the like produce *automata*, not free men. The counter-discipline of a free Democracy is the only answer to the forced discipline of its rivals. And it cannot be the discipline of the military machine which inevitably results in War, but a human discipline based upon the meaning of life. Education alone cannot produce it. The final urge must be religious and from within. If a man cannot govern his own passions, and sublimate his personal ambitions, Democracy has no chance. Church and State have their part to play in this, and they must work together for a common end. The State must have something to say about the use of leisure and the quality and quantity of amusements. It cannot make men good by Act of Parliament, but [it has the right to prevent amusements from being exploited by men whose one concern is profits—at any cost. It cannot prevent the cancer of private betting and gambling, but it can make it exceedingly difficult for the cancer to grow and ravage the body politic. In a hundred ways it can do this, once it has the courage to have a definite goal for the common life and to pursue it to the end. The State also has the right

to demand of its adult citizens, as in old Greece, a practical interest in its affairs: to devote time to study, to conference and to active co-operation.

But the State also must recognize that when it has done its utmost to make the way of Democracy plain, it is to religion that it must turn for its motive power. What is the use of a new 'Order' if new vices are born and the old ones retained? Above all things we need new men and women and a new Spirit. A new sense of responsibility to God, and a new sense of responsibility to man, for human living. There is no hope for Democracy unless it be moralized and Christianized.

Nature ever renews her life *from the bottom*. The sap which produces flower and fruit rises from the bottom, near the roots. A people can only be truly great and human as the lowliest are trained to make their contribution to the higher branches, to which they remain vitally attached. Higher and lower co-operate in the common life. Not by the exceptions, but by the averages, is a nation finally judged.

Democracy is on trial everywhere. That is plain. It has already vanished from many parts of the earth. It is being crushed in Spain and in the Far East. And it is being secretly sapped in Britain, not alone by underground propaganda, but by the apathy of the people themselves. The nation does not appear to be aware of it. It is still obsessed by the old slogan, 'We've always pulled through, and always shall'. Many have secret sympathies with Fascism and Communism. We must not deny that these systems have done much for their peoples. And it is not our business to dictate to other nations how they shall manage their affairs. But it is our business to guard the freedom we have so hardly won for ourselves, *and to perfect it*. Unless we do this we shall surely lose it. If that must happen then we are left with a world in which Nationalisms with their dictators remain masters of the situation.

It would be a world of slavery.

We cannot conquer our rivals by force or condemnation. The only victory we can win is a demonstration that our *completed* Democracy contains all the good our rivals seek and more than all, and none of the evil. People are not finally convinced by fine theories, but by what they see worked out in life as the highest. It is to that Democracy our destiny calls us—a Christian Democracy.

FREDERIC C. SPURR



## LIBERAL EDUCATION

*The views of the Rev. John Scott compared with those of other Educationalists in the mid-nineteenth century.*

**L**IBERAL Education' has been discussed by thinking men from the earliest times, and there have been many attempts to define it. To the Greeks it was the education worthy of a freeman, one that fitted him body and soul for the pursuit of virtue, taught him to love beauty and to live happily. In the Middle Ages it may be said to comprise the seven Liberal Arts: Grammar (including Literature), Rhetoric (including History), Dialectic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy. To be a Master of Arts then was to have a Liberal Education.

The early nineteenth century saw a great revival of interest in the education of the poor, and with the introduction of the Monitorial System of teaching by which children were shown how to instruct other children in simple reading, writing, and arithmetic, men came to believe that it would be a comparatively easy and cheap matter to give everyone an 'elementary education'. In 1832 the Government began to pay the Voluntary Societies grants for building schools, so that Education became State aided. In 1839 a Committee of Council was set up to superintend these grants. As the grants increased, the powers of this Council grew under the wise direction of Dr. Kay-Shuttleworth. The number of schools rapidly increased, with the Church of England supporting those of the National Society, and those outside the Church encouraging the British and Foreign School Society. In 1843 the Methodist Education Committee planned the building of seven hundred new day-schools, and about the same time protested vigorously against the proposed Government scheme of setting up National Training Colleges. They saw, however, that Kay-Shuttleworth was right in stressing

the needs of trained teachers to replace the Monitorial system, and so began to send students to what was probably the most enlightened training centre in Britain at that time, Stow's Normal College in Glasgow. Between 1839 and 1851, over three hundred men and women were sent to Glasgow to be instructed and to be inspired with Stow's ideals of Moral Training. Here they learned that a teacher must foster children's activities, that games and playgrounds were necessities, and that there was great value in oral lessons in which difficult subjects were 'pictured out'. In 1851 Westminster Training College was opened with the Rev. John Scott as its Principal, and young men and women for Wesleyan schools were sent there to be trained. It is of great interest to examine his ideals and aims for Methodist education as they are expressed in the early addresses which he gave at the opening of each session and which were afterwards circulated to the various students each year and sold to the general public.

First it may be well to examine briefly the current enlightened views; for about this period every intelligent person seemed to be discussing the subject, and many of the most brilliant thinkers tried to define their ideas of what a Liberal Education should be. The views of many, however, were probably expressed by the writer of a poem in *Punch* in 1862:

What fuss! Can't little boys be taught,  
And little girls without it?  
We ought to do the work, and ought  
To say no more about it.  
Forbear, ye leaden pumps, to pour  
Cascades of declamation,  
Oh, spare us that eternal bore  
The theme of Education.

This was written just after the introduction of the Revised Code, when it was decided to give grants to schools based on an examination of children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Payment was by results. Those with ideals for education

fought hard against this pernicious system, rightly forecasting that in many schools nothing much else would be taught. The *Edinburgh Review* stated the other side clearly when it said, 'The whole system of popular education has been pitched too high'. It was said that the training colleges were being too ambitious, and that in future 'the teachers must not be too far removed from their pupils'. About the same time addresses were given and books written about the aims of education by Newman, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold.

Newman gave his addresses on 'The Idea of a University' in 1852, and these like most of his educational writings were more concerned with advanced than elementary education. His stress on knowledge being more than mere information, however, was of importance to all. The result of Education was to be 'the perfection of the intellect', 'the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them'.

'Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. . . . Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation.'

In his Inaugural Address at St. Andrew's University in 1867, John Stuart Mill outlined his views which, like those of Newman, chiefly concerned advanced education. He saw the need of moral training, 'the education of the feelings, and the cultivation of the beautiful', as well as the value of a knowledge of wide general principles in many subjects, and the dangers of too great and too early specialization. He based his system on the Classics, and stressed the need of Logic and Ecclesiastical History as well as a great many other subjects, probably being largely influenced by his own early training. He defined Education as 'the culture which each generation purposely gives to those who are to be its successors, in order

to qualify them for at least keeping up, and if possible for raising the level of improvement which has been attained'.

Herbert Spencer made a great plea for the teaching of Science, and training in scientific methods. He denounced bookishness, pleading for life and realism in teaching, stressing the importance of hygiene and physical education, and the need for instruction in physiology and sociology. Children should be allowed to discover things for themselves. Seeing the end of man as complete living, he suggested that he needed five particular kinds of knowledge: knowledge for self-preservation, knowledge for livelihood, knowledge how to bring up a family, knowledge how to live the life of a good citizen, and knowledge how to occupy leisure time.

Ruskin said that the end of education was to make better men and better citizens, and that it was the duty of the State to 'see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed, and educated till it attain years of discretion'. Like Newman, he believed in the great importance of good and beautiful buildings and settings for places of education, and saw the need of workshops, libraries, and museums. He stressed the need for Nature teaching and of developing a love of Nature in each child. His curriculum had five points:

1. Instruction in the laws of health, physical exercises, riding, swimming, boxing, music.
2. Training in the habits of truth, gentleness, and justice.
3. History and literature for enjoyment.
4. Accurate training in English, Natural Science, and mathematics.
5. Drawing and handwork.

It was a far cry from these to the five points which Huxley said could be claimed as the knowledge gained by a child at an elementary school. There, he said, a child learned very inadequately

1. To read, write, and cypher more or less well.
2. A quantity of dogmatic theology of which he understands next to nothing.

3. A few of the broadest and simplest principles of morality.
4. A good deal of Jewish history and Syrian Geography.
5. A certain amount of regularity.

Possibly the best written and most vigorous essay was Huxley's 'A Liberal Education; and Where to Find It', published in 1868. Education, he said, was 'the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name is included not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways'. He protested against too great stress being placed on the Classics, and asked for more science, physical geography, literature, and true history. The Bible was to be used extensively and with intelligence. He gave in a great passage his definition of a Liberal Education:

'That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature.'

In *Culture and Anarchy* Matthew Arnold denounced the passion and blindness of the age with its faith in machinery and belief in wealth. He saw the remedy in the spread of Culture, in true curiosity seeking to render an intelligent being more intelligent, and in a seeking after perfection, making 'reason and the will of God prevail'. People must be taught to think, to bring to every problem not passion and prejudice, but 'an unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought'.

Such in brief were some of the views of idealists in education in the middle of last century when, as the result of the

Newcastle Commission, elementary teachers everywhere had to devote their time to drilling children in the three R's in order generally to deceive an inspector on a fixed examination day each year.

The Rev. John Scott became Principal of Westminster in 1851, ten years before the system of 'Payment by Results' began. He had to organize the training of the teachers for the Wesleyan schools that were rapidly being opened about the country. He had also, as some of the writers previously quoted had not, to put his ideals into hard practice, and define liberal education in terms of subjects to be taught to students and advice to be given.

The titles of his addresses give some idea of his general beliefs as well as of his aims for instruction: 'An Outline of Study,' 'Religion: the Teacher's Best Qualification,' 'Character,' 'Goodness is Power,' 'Cause and Effect,' 'Denominational Education,' 'The Working Classes Entitled to a Good Education,' 'The Varying and the Permanent in Popular Education,' 'The Wesleyan Standard of Education' and 'The Bible throughout the Word of God.' Thus it can be seen at once that in his view for any teacher Religion was a 'prime and indispensable qualification', and in every address he emphasized this point. Not that the purpose of the Wesleyan schools was to make little Wesleyans: that his Church could do without any aid from the State. But Education that was not religious had no meaning at all for those who saw God's hand so clearly working in the world around them.

Early in his lectures he stated what is now an accepted truth, but one that has only slowly impressed itself on all teachers:

'Two things are necessary to form a good teacher—a thorough knowledge of the things to be taught, and a just comprehension of the child coming to receive education.'

From the first he stressed the need of sympathetic knowledge about the pupil, and the importance of a better understanding

of child nature. He praised the growth of the newer infant schools, exhorting all his students to feel that they had great responsibilities and opportunities if they had the charge of very young children. He was opposed to all harsh treatment, and held up as an ideal the atmosphere of a good home in every school.

'Whatever may be the children's abilities, feel for them tenderly, and do for them what you can; the boys and girls of your school will soon become men and women. Besides other impressions, leave upon them the impress of your own kindness, love and assiduity: make it impossible that they should ever forget you, or remember you but with honour and affection.'

Repeatedly he emphasized the great social importance of the work of a teacher when he would stand as a representative of culture and religion among the poor and depraved. There was no compulsion for parents to send children to school, so the teacher must visit bad homes to convince the parents. The teacher had also to convince them of the value of sending their children regularly and of keeping them at school for any length of time. Those who left early or whose parents continually took them away from school, the teacher should endeavour to persuade to attend his Sunday School for as long as possible. He might also arrange evening classes, or the equivalent of Old Boys' Associations at which he could encourage or organize their reading. The teacher should realize that he had not chosen a method of earning his living, but had entered upon a great calling, a kind of missionary service to humanity. 'From the time of their first entrance into your schools, and all the while they remain under your care, you must regard the formation of the future man and woman as your work.' All this might appear difficult, and

'a few boys, pupil teachers in our schools, may turn faint, and recede, through apprehension of they know not what; but men, yea, and women too, will show themselves to be of firmer heart, and under all such diversities as we have named, the good and great work of education will be carried on with vigour by our religious community'.



Being convinced of the necessity of training only men and women of good character for teachers, strict enquiries were made about candidates for admission, and then every endeavour made to encourage their sympathy with the children they were going to teach and with their parents who would generally be poor people. All this, however, was not enough: teachers often failed for other reasons, through slackness, through conceit, and through lack of knowledge about the subjects they taught. The conceited were those who knew least. What then were the subjects about which an educated man ought to know something, and about which he should be able on leaving college to continue his reading and his studies? In the Address for 1854 he attempted to deal with this under the title of 'An Outline of Study'.

The starting point of knowledge could be themselves and the world around them, a kind of physical geography which would touch on botany, zoology, geology, and mineralogy. About these they could only hope to acquire some general principles, but a basis for further work could be built up. He stressed more strongly the claims of botany.

This would lead them to science, in which they should have some knowledge of sound, light, and heat. Much of the address is made up of short questions, thus:

'What is mist, fog, cloud? What is dew, rain, snow, hail? Fluids, though so loose and slippery, have been reduced to science. What is hydrostatics? What is hydraulics? What is pneumatics? . . . What is electricity? What is galvanism? What is magnetism? What is lightning? What is thunder?'

After this study of the earth with some regard to astronomy, they could pass to the next section, the study of men and the 'doings of men'.

There must be study of world history which should not centre on kings and battles but on civilizations, laws, and philosophies. This would lead to some knowledge of man communicating with man, to the origins of speech and writing.

From this it was a simple step to grammar and good composition. 'What is oratory? What is eloquence? What is rhetoric?'

'With arithmetic you will require to be well acquainted, otherwise you will be very imperfectly fitted for your profession. You will endeavour to understand theoretic as well as practical arithmetic; for a knowledge of rules, and of the application of rules, without an understanding of the reasons of the rules . . . is dry and uninteresting. . . . You will seek a competent knowledge of algebra, of geometry, and of Euclid its great teacher.'

He next remarked that the Government had lately called attention to the art of drawing, adding, 'In this Institution you will be taught with great diligence this art'. It is interesting to remember that the Art Master at this time was James Smetham, an artist of considerable repute and the friend of Ruskin and the Rossettis. His letters, which deserve to be more widely known, suggest that he was not only a great writer but also a saint.

'What an honourable position I hold at (Westminster)! I say this fully aware of the secular insignificance of it. What if I only mark with chalk on a blackboard with the same old diagrams! It is the creative Truth gleaming white on the Abyss of the Infinite. When I feel that there is some definite use to be made of knowledge . . . find myself loved and supported by a warm-hearted band of men doing the same work . . . I desire no more. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?"'

It is only fitting that the fine portrait of John Scott still at Westminster College should have been painted by James Smetham.

The address is continued by welcoming the introduction of singing into the schools. 'Great pains will be taken while you are here to render you proficient in vocal music. You will also be taught the theory of music. . . . What is melody? What is harmony?'

He then advised them to study logic, and the workings of the mind. They should also have knowledge of the working

of their own bodies. All this knowledge would ultimately lead them to the Creator of it all, and so to religious education.

A first reading of the address causes us to smile at the immensity of the task of the poor students, a fact which John Scott acknowledged in a later talk, but it must be remembered that he was dealing only with general principles, rather with the things which should be thought on than with subjects to be studied in detail. His stress on practical science and a study of the world around, man's environment, places him in line with Spencer and Ruskin who were to demand the same things. His belief in Art and Music also shows his enlightenment, but like most other writers on education at the time he says little directly about English literature or about physical education. It may well be that he assumed an intelligent man to know about these; for when dealing with the training of the imagination he refers to the excitement of the emotions by 'school readings of poetry', and when talking of Infant School work, says, 'There may be physical exercises—marching, and clapping of hands, and singing of school songs'. His ideal for teachers must have agreed with those of Newman and Arnold: they were to be men of character and wide culture, having a foundation of knowledge on which they would continue to build all their lives. They were not only to instruct, but to influence those whom they taught, 'to believe and love truth and to avoid what is evil'.

Such were the general aims at the foundation of the first Wesleyan Training College, and we can easily realize what a shock they must have received when the Newcastle Commission reported in 1861 and Robert Lowe introduced his Revised Code. This was interpreted by many as an attempt to restrict the education of the poor to simple instruction in the three R's, and also as an attack on the width of the training in the Colleges. In 1862, John Scott's address was 'The Working Class Entitled to a Good Education', and had as its 'text' a quotation from Earl Granville's speech in the House of Lords, 'My own opinion is that it is impossible for

a schoolmaster to learn too much, providing the instruction he receives is thorough and complete'. Immediately he attacks the whole tone of the new regulations seeking to reduce the standard for the poor and providing 'something more suitable for their humble position in society'.

'I scarcely need say, that from this view we totally differ. We believe we are right. . . . We are awake and quite sober, and know well what we are doing, both in preparing you for your duties, and in our ideas of the work which we expect you to perform. . . . Our conclusion then is legitimate, notwithstanding all objections, and I wish you to fix it in your minds: That as good an education should be given to the poor as their children can receive. And be assured that the Wesleyan community will not grudge them the best that you can give.'

The whole address is a fine example of sincere and passionate prose, basing the plea for a full education solidly on religious grounds, that all men are the children of God, stating implacable opposition to the new limitations, and declaring that the standard should not be lowered in Wesleyan schools.

Those who write on Education in the nineteenth century cannot fail to deplore the continuous religious controversies which seem so often to have held up progress, but they sometimes fail to understand fully the passionate conviction of many men that it was the religious bodies who stood for progress and fought for the rights of the poor in opposition to the reactionary powers of the State. John Scott was right when he reminded his listeners that 'Care for the children of the poor did not originate with the Government. It originated with intelligent Christian men . . . and by men of this class mainly have all arrangements to benefit the poor, by education on Sundays and week-days, been made and carried out'. He was also undoubtedly right in his emphatic protests against the introduction of the Revised Code. It was not to be greatly wondered at that so many intelligent men viewed with great suspicion the increasing State control which most people to-day see to have been good.

It is a little strange that in the addresses there are no references to other educational writers of the time, the sole exception being to Matthew Arnold who was the Inspector for Westminster College. He is quoted with approval as 'our esteemed Inspector', and there are external reasons for believing that the two men agreed largely on their aims for education. The names most often quoted, and those from whom the most frequent quotations are taken, are Milton, Bishop Butler, Locke, Coleridge and Goldsmith.

It would serve no useful purpose finally to balance the beliefs and aims of the great writers of the period against those of the first Principal of Westminster College. About many important matters they can be heard to speak with one voice, and about others they were nearer together than they themselves would have been willing to admit. John Scott would certainly have believed himself to be miles apart from Huxley, and would have failed to appreciate Matthew Arnold's melancholy and sadness as he thought he saw Faith departing from the world and cried:

We are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The keynote of the Inaugural Addresses is that of confident faith, of certainty that ignorance and darkness would be overcome by their sacrifices and struggles and training. He knew that the battle for 'sweetness and light' would be fierce and bitter, and he never doubted that he and those he trained were called to this struggle. He knew also that they would be victorious, because He who called them was God. Thus he deserves to be remembered among the honoured names of the various nineteenth century educationalists, those

souls tempered with fire,  
Fervent, heroic, and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind.

T. B. SHEPHERD

## A SCOTTISH TEACHER OF THE WESLEYS

THAT the Wesleys were influenced by Henry Scougall is undoubted. His *Life of God in the Soul of Man* is mentioned in a letter of their mother in 1732 as 'an excellent good book' that had long before been familiar to her. When Whitefield came among the Oxford Methodists in that year Charles Wesley directed his attention to this little book; and he afterwards declared: 'I never knew what true religion was till God sent me that excellent treatise.' From these pages he learned with some astonishment that 'true religion was a union of the soul with God, and Christ formed within us'. He tells us that 'from that moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature'. Three years later he is sending the book to a friend with strong commendation. Long afterwards he repeats his story of indebtedness to Charles Wesley in this connection, and speaks of his first alarm at the suggestion of Henry Scougall that one might go to church and say one's prayers and receive the Sacrament and yet be no Christian, and of the light that broke upon him when Scougall defined religion as a vital union with the Son of God—Christ formed in the heart. When John Wesley went to Georgia he took Scougall's book with him. We hear of him reading it to others in 1736 at evening meetings. People became so interested that Wesley declares that the reading proved an effective counter-attraction to the ball held in the town one evening. Later Wesley edited *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, and included in one volume of his Christian Library some of Scougall's sermons.

Dugald Butler, in his study of Henry Scougall, has a chapter entitled 'Influence over the Oxford Methodists and the Revival of Religion'. Though the writer was not aware of all the evidence which he might have used to prove his case, he makes exaggerated claims for the influence of Scougall upon Methodism. That the volume did, however,

have a decidedly illuminating effect is plain. John Wesley, Charles Wesley and George Whitefield were all indebted to Henry Scougall.

Who, then, was this Henry Scougall? Some details of his career may be given, especially as most accounts of him, including those of Butler and *The Dictionary of National Biography*, are inaccurate and defective.

The Scougalls owned property in the parish of Whitekirk, in the Lothians, not very far from Edinburgh. Henry's grandfather was a knight, and an uncle was a Lord of the Court of Session, the supreme Law Court of Scotland. His father was Bishop of Aberdeen, taking up this position soon after Episcopacy was restored in Scotland by Charles II. The father had been Presbyterian minister in more than one parish before this, and had married Jean Wemyss, who was the daughter of a landed proprietor in Fifeshire, and whose uncle was Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, and became Dean of the Diocese when Episcopalian titles returned. One of the Bishop's sons became a Judge of the Court of Session; a daughter was the wife successively of two Bishops and a Highland laird, and another daughter married the Professor of Divinity at Marischal College, Aberdeen.

Henry Scougall was the second son of the Bishop's first marriage, and was born in 1650 at Leuchars, in Fife, of whose interesting Norman church his father was then minister. We are told that as a boy he was of sweet, serene temper, old-fashioned and serious. As in the case of many another son of the Manse, religious ceremonial entered into his play; and his first knowledge of Roman History also found echo there. In 1664 he entered King's College, Aberdeen, of which his father was by that time Chancellor, and four years later he graduated.

Meantime he had apparently been something of a leader among his classmates. His biographer says: 'It being the custom of the youth to have private meetings about the ordering of their commencements, where he was constant



president among his fellows, his discourses to them were so grave and becoming (as some of them have professed) that they looked upon them as the sayings of a grey head, and thought they savoured of the wisdom of the senator.' Students of this period were not different from those of other days. Lord Chancellor the Earl of Seafield was a student at Aberdeen soon after this, and he describes 'a play in the Marischal College'—by which he meant a fight. The Masters were to punish the culprits, but the King's College students came over 'with swords and pistols and did take the lads that should have been punished over to the Old Town with them'. A few years later the Faculty had before it serious complaints of young men in College breaking beds, tables, forms and windows, and made the several Masters responsible for such damage in the future. This element was always present. There were, at the same time, some who showed a better sense of proportion, and among these was Henry Scougall.

He was made a 'regent', or junior teacher, in his College, and being licensed to preach the gospel by his native Presbytery of Haddington, eventually became minister of the rural parish of Auchterless, in Aberdeenshire, in the autumn of 1673. In this agricultural district Scougall took his work seriously. We hear of the unwonted solitude, the coarse fare and hard lodgings, the extreme cold of that winter, and his patience under it all. He was a true pastor and a 'painful' preacher. It was the custom in those days for a 'reader' to conduct the first part of the Sunday morning service, and for the clergyman to enter only after the third bell had given warning that the sermon was about to begin. Scougall did not care for this, 'thinking it very unfit that the invocation of Almighty God, the reading of some portions of the Holy Scriptures, making a confession of our Christian faith, and rehearsing the Ten Commandments, should be looked upon as a praeludium for ushering in the people to the church and the minister to the pulpit'. He made a practice of being

present throughout in order to emphasize the importance of the worship as well as of the sermon. Episcopalian services in Scotland in this period did not make any use of the English Prayer Book, or indeed of any liturgy, but had the metrical psalms, and extemporaneous prayers, only the special use of the Lord's Prayer, the Doxology and the Creed distinguishing them from earlier or later Presbyterian services.

In 1674 Scougall was elected Professor of Divinity at King's College. The Chair was in the gift of the Synod, and in order to gain election Scougall had to defend theses against all comers. Those which he advanced were, as was then customary, mostly directed against Romanism. Having sustained this trial, he was admitted to the charge, being duly presented with a Bible. He was only twenty-four years of age; but there seems to have been no doubt as to his fitness for the duties of the professorship. We hear of his 'vastness of memory', his readiness in learning languages, and his power of grasping swiftly the 'design and marrow' of a book. We also hear of his conversational gifts, and we learn something of his methods from the fact that he used to write in his books 'multum sed non multa lege'. The type of literature which he preferred is evident from the collection of books which belonged to the Scougalls and which are now in King's College Library, Aberdeen. Here we notice first of all the Classics—all the usual Greek and Latin poets, dramatists, philosophers, historians. We find special evidence of familiarity with Stoicism—Cicero, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus. A fellow regent complained that with Henry Scougall, Plato and Seneca had as much authority as Peter and Paul. Stoicism was particularly popular in Europe in this period amongst those who wished to combat scholasticism and who felt drawn to the Stoics' emphasis on morality and their discovery of the individual and the inner life.

In the Scougall Library are also the works of most of the Fathers and of the principal writers of Protestant theology. The *Acts of the Synod of Dort* are accompanied by the works

of Arminius, Grotius and Amyraldus. Like other scholars of the time, the Scougalls seem to have paid special attention to Hebrew and the study of the Old Testament. There is obvious familiarity with the extensive Romish controversial literature dominated by the figure of Bellarmine. Scottish theological and religious literature occupies a due place; and amidst a great array of English writers we may note several who seem to have proved notably interesting to Henry Scougall. Thus we have Chillingworth, whose toleration appealed to Scougall; Stillingfleet, whom he characterized as 'invictissimus ille reformatae religionis athleta'; Jeremy Taylor, to whose *Liberty of Prophesying* he refers; Thorndyke, 'vir clarissimus', whose ironical tendencies would even have extended to Rome; Tillotson, whom he quotes in one of his Sermons.

One outstanding feature of the Scougall Library remains to be mentioned—the width of the general culture represented. There are numerous historical works, books of travel, and scientific treatises, while French and Italian were evidently favourite studies, and there are quite a number of surprising items such as Machiavelli's *Military Art*. On the other hand, it is curious that there is little appearance of interest in general English literature. George Herbert and Thomas More are there; but one forms the impression that a Scottish minister might read Plautus or Aristophanes, but not Shakespeare or Milton.

The friend who preached Scougall's *Funeral Sermon* declared that he had been 'the first in this corner of the land (perhaps in the whole nation) who taught the youth that philosophy which has now the universal preference by all the knowing world'. This refers to Cartesianism, and says possibly too much, for there were some who were scared by the materialism which knowledge of Hobbes led people to associate with the name of Descartes. Butler thinks Scougall was influenced specially by Bacon, and it is true that he had read some of his writings; but Bacon's principles attracted

marvellously little attention at the time. It was not really until the days of Hume that dislike of rationalistic *a priori* system turned people back to Bacon, and, in the words of a Scottish university lecturer of the period, to 'the road of experience and observation by which alone we can arrive at the true knowledge of things'. Cartesianism in a vague form, implying merely emancipation from the school logic of the Aristotle of Arabic tradition and a belief in reason which brought with it belief in experience, was what appealed to Scougall and to the thoughtful minds of the later seventeenth century.

Scougall was tremendously interested in the Mystics. Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, François de Sales, St. Teresa, de Renty, were favourites. The same was the case with his friend, Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane, who seems to have been led in this direction, first, through study of the Stoics, and then through reading St. Bernard. Leighton spent many years on the continent, and this helps to account for his freedom from some of the limitations of his fellow-churchmen in Scotland. Scougall, in spite of what Butler says, was never abroad, unless two visits to London may be regarded as foreign tours.

The strongest influence of all with Scougall was indeed English; and it was an influence which was shared to the full by Leighton, and also by another friend of Scougall, the Aberdeen trained Scot, Gilbert Burnet, later Bishop of Salisbury. It was that of Cambridge Platonism. Butler has entirely overlooked this most important element in the thought of Scougall, but it has been observed by F. J. Powicke and Bishop Knox. In particular Henry More and John Smith profoundly impressed Scougall, and abundant traces not only of their ideas, but even of their words, are to be found in his writings.

Patrick Cockburn, in his preface to the 1726 edition of the *Works* of Scougall, says that in addition to those published he had left behind him the manuscripts of three Latin tractates:

*A Short System of Ethics ; A Preservative against the Artifices of Roman Missionaries :* and a chapter of a treatise on *The Pastoral Care*. Cockburn states that these manuscripts have been lost, and in this he is perfectly correct. There are, however, two copies of the first of them in students' transcripts in Aberdeen University Library, along with a similar transcription of a course by Scougall upon Logic. For the Ethics the main guide has most certainly been Henry More's *Enchiridion Ethicum*. Scougall accepts More's Aristotelian order of treatment, and his definition of the Good, refers to his *Noemata*, follows him in the treatment of Temperance, and frequently gives (without acknowledgement) long extracts word for word or with only immaterial omissions, inversions and modifications. Scougall's central doctrine that 'true religion is a union of the soul with God, a real participation of the divine nature' points to the same general outlook as More's 'Est enim vera virtus divinae quaedam naturae participatio'.

John Smith was also fond of this phrase from 2 Peter i. 4, and there is much else in which Smith and Scougall are at one. Smith speaks of the gospel as an 'emanation of life and spirit'; Scougall of religious acts as 'the proper emanations of the divine life'. Smith speaks of the gospel as 'a vital form and principle', Scougall of religion as 'a life or vital principle'. Smith speaks of the Christian having 'God's own breath within him and an infant Christ . . . formed in his soul'; Scougall of religious men having 'God dwelling in their souls and Christ formed within them'. The resemblance between Smith and Scougall is rather striking. They both occupied academic posts and both died young, bequeathing their libraries to their college. They had similar intellectual and spiritual gifts, and were of a similar gentle and simple character. Of Smith it was said: 'None more free and communicative than he was . . . nor would he grudge to be taken off from his studies upon such an occasion.' Of Scougall it was said: that he was fond of 'consulting the living as well as the dead,

having a singular art of benefiting both himself and others by conversation and discourse.' In their respective funeral sermons Smith was lauded for 'wide capacity of soul', and Scougall for 'a soul as wide as the world'.

The following passages are worth comparing. Smith in his *Select Discourses* says:

'The excellency and nobleness of the true religion. . . . True religion is a noble thing in its rise and original, and in regard of its descent. True religion derives its pedigree from heaven . . . it's a beam from God. . . . All created being is umbratilis similitudo entis increati, and is, by some stamp or other of God upon it, at least remotely allied to Him; but true religion is such a communication of the Divinity as none but the highest of created beings are capable of. On the other side sin and wickedness is of the basest and lowest original. . . . Religion is a heaven-born thing, the seed of God in the spirits of men, whereby they are formed in a similitude and likeness of himself. A true Christian is everyway of a most noble extraction, of an heavenly pedigree. . . . The line of all heavenly nobility, if it were followed to the beginning, would lead to Adam, where all the lines of descent meet in one; and the root of all extractions would be found planted in nothing else but Adamah, red earth: but a Christian derives his line from Christ. . . . We may truly say of Christ and Christians . . . as he is, so are they (according to their capacity) each one resembling the children of a King. Titles of worldly honour in heaven's heraldry are but only titule nominales, but titles of divine dignity signify some real thing. . . . Participation of the divine nature cannot but entitle a Christian to the highest degree of dignity.'

Henry Scougall in one of his *Sermons* says:

'But to speak of the nobleness and excellency of religion, it may be expected we should say something of its origin and extract. . . . There are none to be preferred to the children of God, the blood-royal of heaven, the brethren of Christ, of whom we may say that as He is, so are they, each one resembling the son of a King. If we trace the lines of earthly extraction, we shall find them all meet in one point, all terminate in dust and earth. But in the heraldry of heaven we shall find a twofold pedigree. Sin is the offspring of Hell. . . . On the other hand, holiness is the seed of God . . . and think not these are empty titles . . . pious men are really partakers of the divine nature, and shall obtain an interest in the inheritance which is entailed in that relation. . . . The image and similitude of the divine excellencies are stamped upon these heaven-born souls: some beams of that eternal light are darted in upon them.'



No comment is necessary.

The relation of Scougall to Scottish Calvinism calls for mention. An Episcopalian pamphleteer at the time of the Revolution Settlement reminds us that under the Restoration Episcopacy the *Scots Confession* of 1560 and the *Westminster Confession* 'are owned, next to the Word of God, by both parties as the standard of the doctrine of our Church'. Gilbert Burnet states that the *Westminster Confession* was 'the only Confession read in those years in Scotland'. The Episcopal Church was at least nominally Calvinistic. Scougall, Leighton and others of like type at no time thought of deserting this general position, and indeed W. G. Blaikie, in his *Preachers of Scotland*, spoke of 'the very pronounced Calvinism of Henry Scougall', while Leighton's *Works* (which most unfortunately all belong to his early days) certainly contain explicitly Calvinistic statements. At the same time there is much in all these writers that would have horrified an extreme Calvinist such as Samuel Rutherford, for whom Popery, Socinianism and Arminianism were almost equally heinous sins. The fact is that Scougall and his circle were not interested in Theology: they were interested in Religion, and they thought and expressed themselves inconsistently and confusedly whenever they entered the province of Dogmatics. Theological controversies seemed to them as irrelevant and indifferent as ecclesiastical disputes about Episcopacy, Presbytery or Independency.

*The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, the small book that has made Henry Scougall's name immortal, was written during his time as professor at King's College, Aberdeen, and was published anonymously in 1677. It is written in a simple, direct style, and in a spirit of sincere, unpatronising, brotherly counsel. Its calm and confidence are inspiring. There is no depth of originality about the thought; but the pure idealism and high spirituality and clear vision are infectious. It remains a religious classic.

It portrays religion as union of the soul with God, a natural



expression of the soul, nature, with the help of reason, leading to divine truth, sense merely requiring to be overruled by the divine life, the root of which is faith, and the chief branches of which are love to God, charity to men, purity and humility. The book discusses the advantages of a religious life, holiness being regarded as health of soul, and man's prime need revealed to be Communion with God. It is a book that was most plainly the direct utterance of personal religious experience.

One is not surprised to learn that the author of this helpful little book took an interest in the spiritual, as well as in the intellectual, well-being of his students. Even whilst a 'regent' in Arts he used to speak to them on religious subjects on Sunday evenings, and also dealt with them individually in private. One of the weaknesses of Scottish Divinity Halls is said to be a tendency to allow intellectual to crush out spiritual training. There was nothing of this fault when Scougall taught Theology at King's College. He made it his great design to fit his students for what he believed to be a most weighty and responsible function, which would not be so much the handling of controversies and debates about religion as the guiding of men's souls to eternity. Scougall, indeed, acted not simply as a lecturer but as a spiritual director.

Leighton, when Principal of the University of Edinburgh, expressed his dislike of the methods of disputation which the colleges had inherited from the middle ages. 'The youth,' he said, 'when they enter the school, begin disputing, which never ends but with their life.' Instead of a philosophy that was 'more apt to inspire the mind with pride than to improve it' he desired to inculcate 'the most ardent love of heavenly wisdom'. Scougall would have agreed entirely. His routine teaching, however, must have been very similar to what prevailed elsewhere at his period. His lectures were delivered in Latin, though once a year he gave an English exhortation. The kind of work that he attempted may with fair accuracy

be guessed from the account which Gilbert Burnet has left of his own duties as Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University for a short time at this period. His statement is as follows:

'On Monday, I made all the students in course explain a part of the body of divinity in Latin with a thesis, and answer all the arguments. On Tuesday, I had a prelection in Latin, in which I designed to go through a body of divinity in ten or twelve years. . . . On Wednesday, I went through a critical commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel, which I delivered in English. . . . On Thursday, I expounded a Psalm in Hebrew, comparing it with the LXX, the Vulgate and our version. And by turns on next Thursday, I explained the constitution and the ritual, and made the Apostolical Canons my text. . . . On Friday, I made the students in course preach a short sermon upon a text I gave them and . . . shewed them what was defective or amiss in the sermon, and how the text ought to have been opened or applied. Besides all this, I called them all together in the evening every day to prayers. I read a parcel of Scripture, and, after I had explained it, I made a short sermon for a quarter of an hour upon it. I then asked them what difficulties they met with in their studies, and answered such questions as they put to me. Thus I applied myself for eight months in the year to answer the ends of a professor with the diligence of a schoolmaster. This obliged me to much hard study. I rose early and studied close from four to ten, six hours; but was forced to throw up the rest of the day.'

Scougall in Aberdeen would not have to teach Hebrew, for which there was other provision, but otherwise his work was as here outlined. He would have the students for four sessions, during which they attended also the classes of another Divinity Professor.

In addition to his University work, Scougall was engaged in the ecclesiastical life of Aberdeen. He took part in the routine of Synod meetings and committees. It was also before the Synod that he preached what is perhaps his most outstanding sermon on *The Importance and Difficulty of the Ministerial Function*. The general impression which prevailed as to the value of Scougall's life and work receives testimony from the decision of the Aberdeen Town Council in August, 1676, to call him as one of the ministers of St. Nicholas's Church. Nothing further is heard of the matter, and we must suppose

that Scougall did not care to accept what in some ways would have been promotion.

His health, even at this date, may not have been satisfactory. He became consumptive, and died on June 13, 1678, being barely twenty-eight years of age. His remains were interred in King's College Church, and there is a monument to him on one of the walls of the Cromwell Tower, while his portrait is in the possession of the University. His *Life of God in the Soul of Man* has often been reprinted. The best edition is that edited by James Cooper in 1892. A small collection of Scougall's *Sermons* and his juvenile *Private Reflections and Occasional Meditations* have also been published while the *Morning and Evening Prayers* used in St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen, for some time prior to the Revolution, are said to have been of his composition.

Dr. George Garden, Scougall's soul-friend, in the course of the funeral sermon says: 'Men may write big volumes, and as one says, talk much, and say little; but 'tis a great matter to talk little and say much; and sure whoever considers the importance of that book, cannot but be sensible of its great usefulness to inspire us with the spirit of true religion, to enlighten our minds with a right sense and knowledge of it, to warm our hearts with suitable affections and breathings after it, and to direct our lives to the practice of it.' And such has been the judgement of the Christian world on *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*.

G. D. HENDERSON

## SOCRATES : PHILOSOPHER AND HUMANIST

**F**EW figures in human history are so fascinating as Socrates. We find him such a lovable old rebel, full of fun, subtlety, and eccentricity. He stands out head and shoulders above his contemporaries in that old and brilliant age of Athens. It was, of course, the most splendid period in Athenian history, when Athens was full of keen intellectual and political activity and there blossomed into flower the richest genius in art, literature, statesmanship, and philosophy the world has ever known. It was the age of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pericles, Theucydides, Pheidias, Xenophon—the most English of the Athenians', and Plato, to name but a few.

Bliss was it in that hour to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven.

Another reason why we find Socrates so interesting is because he loved and lived the truth. There were no half-lights in his life, no half-tones in his voice. What he said he meant. He knew that words are like worlds. You can only see one side of them at once. Much of their territory is out of view. You cannot, therefore, know a word, and you must not use a word, until you know it from every angle, until you are familiar with every shade of its meaning, until you have turned it inside out and know its very soul. That was Socrates. He knew the words he used. And he also knew exactly why he was using them. When he spoke, therefore, he was like a skilled man striking a nail with a hammer, hitting it hard and clean. He never missed and he never faltered. He was thus the originator of the art of Definition. He was also, probably, the first practical Psychologist. He probed men's minds, dug up their ideas and thoughts to examine them, very much as we dig up bulbs in a flower bed. It was a method by no means popular. He was both loved and hated. In fact

Macaulay has frankly confessed: 'The more I read about him the less I wonder that they poisoned him.' In a word, he was a critic, and a very devastating one. He likened himself to a gad-fly, meaning that he fastened himself on men, without respect of persons, compelling them to reveal the barrenness of their minds and the futility of many of their ideas. Thus he stung them into mental activity, stimulating the young and the thoughtful but irritating beyond measure those knee-deep in age and prejudice.

And yet with it all he was so humble. Other men knew so much but Socrates so little. Everyone in Athens was so wise and he so ignorant. He could not teach, he said, he did not know enough. He could only sting and stimulate men to action. So when the Delphic Oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of mankind he was both dumbfounded and horrified. He went from man to man in the city to test their knowledge. To his amazement he discovered everywhere a quaint conceit of knowledge. Men *thought* they knew, conceived themselves to be wise, whereas they were as ignorant as himself. Thus he concluded that they showed their ignorance in thinking themselves wise, whereas he showed wisdom in knowing himself to be ignorant. 'As for me', he confessed, 'all I know is that I know nothing.'

Who, then, was Socrates? He was the son of modest parents, a sculptor and a midwife, and he lived in Athens nearly five hundred years before Christ. Little is known of his early years. He served as a private soldier in the Athenian army and saved the life of his friend Xenophon, who had fallen from his horse. Upon one expedition he astonished his fellow-soldiers with his extraordinary powers of endurance. Alcibiades, another of his friends, says that he and Socrates messed together

'and I had the opportunity of observing his extraordinary power of sustaining fatigue. There was no one to be compared with him. His fortitude in enduring cold was also surprising. There was a severe frost, for the winter in that region is really tremendous, and every-

body else either remained indoors, or if they went out, had on an amazing quantity of clothes, and were well shod, and had their feet swathed in felt and fleeces. In the midst of this, Socrates, with his bare feet on the ice and in ordinary dress, marched better than the other soldiers who had shoes, and they looked daggers at him because he seemed to despise them.'

We are told a little, but not very much, about his wife. Like many great men he had apparently a good mother but was unfortunate in his own domestic affairs. He was married to a shrew and, as someone has said, an untamed shrew. Her name, in fact, the name of Xanthippe, has become a by-word for all that is shrewish and peevish in a wife. This good woman, upon whom the excellence of her husband's fame and philosophy seems to have been entirely wasted, not satisfied with scolding him in shrill and high-pitched words, would take her kitchen pail and drench him with its contents. Here Socrates showed his real greatness. He was as noble, as forbearing and self-effacing in his words and attitude to his wife after a domestic altercation as when he stood calmly defending his life at the bar of Athenian justice. Shaking the water from his clothes, he would quietly reply: 'Did I not say that Xanthippe's thunder would end in rain?'

When his friend, Alcibiades, protested saying that such treatment was intolerable, Socrates would gently remark: 'Nay, I have got used to it, as to the continued rattle of a windlass. And you do not mind the cackle of geese?' 'No,' replied Alcibiades, 'but they furnish me with eggs and goslings.' 'And Xanthippe,' came the fine retort of Socrates, 'is the mother of my children.'

There was another famous occasion when she tore his coat from his back in the market-place of Athens. His acquaintances advised him to retaliate. 'Hit back, you fool.' 'Yes, by Zeus,' he answered hotly, 'in order that you may all have the fun of seeing us sparring in public and be able to shout, "Go it, Socrates", "Well done, Xanthippe".' So Socrates bore it all like the true philosopher he was. He said he lived with a shrew in the same way as horsemen prefer spirited

horses. When you have mastered a spirited horse then you can manage any horse. So, he averred, in the society of his wife he learned to adapt himself to the rest of the world.

But Socrates himself was not entirely without blame. He must have been a most difficult man to live with. He was not by any means what we should call a family man. He cared nothing for business, for appearances or even for money. He would take no fees from his pupils. And as he did no other work, except that of arguing and talking, he was naturally always poor. Further he had a habit of taking people home with him to supper without having warned his wife and without even knowing whether there was food to set before them. When chided by his wife, he would reply: 'Never mind, my dear. If our friends are sensible they will take us as they find us, and if not they are not worth bothering with.'

He was a strange man both in habits and appearance. He was not in the least prepossessing. There is a bust of him in existence, showing his high forehead, beetling brows, keen quizzical eyes, shaggy beard, thick lips and snub nose. Someone has pointed out that it is more like the head of a porter than of a renowned philosopher. But if you examine it carefully you find in it the same homeliness, kindness and humanity that characterize his teaching. He, never wearing shoes the whole year round, living in the most frugal manner, clad always in a single threadbare cloak, spent his time in the market-place and streets of Athens talking, arguing, discussing and questioning on every subject under the sun. Like Dr. Johnson at the Mitre he was always talking. He lived for conversation but conversation very different from ours to-day. Conversation with him, as with Dr. Johnson, was a weapon which he used for turning a man mentally inside out to show how little he had in him.

He called himself a midwife and said that he practised mental and spiritual midwifery. In one place we find him using a method derived in all probability from personal observation of Hippocrates himself, the Father of medicine,



showing incidentally how near were the Greeks to modern methods of diagnosis. He speaks of a doctor visiting a patient. What does he do? He looks at his face, examines the tips of his fingers, and then says: 'Uncover your chest and back to me that I may have a better view.' 'Now', said Socrates to his enquirer, 'I do exactly the same. I pursue precisely that method. *Uncover your mind to me. Reveal to me your opinion. Show me your soul.*'

Another example is the case of a young man, Theatetus by name. He approached Socrates full of doubt. What is truth, knowledge, virtue? What is religion? The same bewildering questions of Youth to-day. 'These,' said Socrates, 'are the pangs of labour, my dear Theatetus. You have something within you which you are bringing to birth.' And he proceeded to argue how important is the office of a midwife, was not he himself the son of one? 'It is a great work, my dear Theatetus, to help to bring little children into life, but it is an infinitely bigger thing to help to bring to birth ideas and ideals that in their nobility and truth will help to mould the minds of other men and shape the course of the world. But we must bring forth genuine thought and not mere wind. The office of a midwife, I, like my mother, have received from God. She delivered women and I, men, but they must be young and noble and fair.'

What then did he teach? His method was dialectic. Socratic, we call it, which means you say exactly what you mean, always defining your terms. A modern parallel might be found, in a limited way, in the Shavian and Chestertonian styles. Karl Barth, the German theologian, in some aspects offers another possible parallel. Socrates was a rebel. He rebelled against authority, tradition, age, against anything and everything that stood as a barrier between a man's soul and the truth. Truth, sobriety, goodness, piety, civic responsibility, immortality, these were his watchwords. 'Take a mirror,' he said, 'and you who are young and handsome see how fine you look and make your behaviour as fine

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as your face. And you who are ugly educate yourselves that you may hide your defects by culture and knowledge.'

He was the champion of the mind and laid down ideas so clearly and impressively that to-day they are interwoven in the warp and woof of modern life. We owe to him an immeasurable debt. He was the first to declare the supremacy of a man's intellect and conscience. He was the first to insist, without modification or compromise, that mind and soul are the true sources of authority. The power of human character, the influence of the inner life, the essential goodness of human nature, the inseparable relation of truth to character, these were the corner-stones of his doctrine. And above all that a man must never upon any consideration believe or declare what he knows to be false, or perform what he knows to be wrong.

There are two pictures of Socrates unforgettable in human literature. One summer afternoon he was walking with his friend Phaedrus on the outskirts of Athens. They spoke of rhetoric and other things. Presently they rested by a river in the shade. They remained there until evening and as the shadows fell prepared to return. But first Socrates must offer a prayer to the gods who guarded the river.

'O beloved Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and all that I possess of outward things to be at peace with them within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches. And give me so much wealth and so much only, as a good and holy man could manage or enjoy. Phaedrus, want we anything more? For my prayer is finished.'

'Yes,' answered Phaedrus. 'Pray that I may be even as yourself, for the blessings of friends are common.'

The other picture is that of his martyrdom. In his love and proclamation of what he conceived to be the Truth he made many enemies who in the end contrived his death. He was brought before the Athenian Tribunal, an imposing public jury of five hundred citizens. Under three heads he was tried and finally found guilty. They said he had corrupted the

youth of Athens with his doctrines, had undermined the conventional religion and had introduced new gods and new ideas. The courage of Socrates in his defence was incomparable.

'Men of Athens, I must obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength, I will never cease to follow wisdom, and to urge you forward, explaining to every man I meet, speaking as I have always spoken, "See here, my friend, you are an Athenian, a citizen of the greatest city in the world, the most famous for wisdom and power, and are you not ashamed to care for money and money-making, and fame and reputation, and not care at all, not make one effort for truth, and understanding, and the welfare of your soul?"

'I reproach you for holding cheapest what is worth most, and dearer what is worth less.

'I have gone about doing one thing, and one thing only, exhorting all of you, young and old, not to care for your bodies or for money above or beyond your soul's welfare, telling you that virtue does not come from wealth but wealth from virtue. Men of Athens, listen to Anytus or not, acquit me or acquit me not, but remember that I will do nothing else, not if I were to die a hundred deaths.'

Thus Socrates spoke of virtue where we speak of God; and prayed, preached, lived, pleaded and in the end died that Athenians might not be wealthy but virtuous, not clever but good, not proud and prosperous but strong in truth and piety.

At the age of seventy he was condemned to die. Opportunity was afforded him to escape but he scorned it. He faced his accusers to the bitter end. And in Plato we have recorded every word he spoke up to the last.

'How would you have us bury you?' asked his friends.

'Just however you choose,' he answered, and added with a twinkle: 'That is if you can catch me and not find I slip through your hands.'

Then he gave a quiet laugh. 'Don't worry about me when I am gone. You can bury my body but you must never say that it was Socrates you buried. I shall be in some island of the blest.'

He went then to the bath to save the women the trouble of later washing his corpse. When he returned he called for the poison. His friends demurred. Why hurry? The sun is still high above the mountains. He need not take it before the evening. But Socrates was ready. He signed to a servant

who returned with the fatal cup. He gazed at it in his old way, like a bull; then quite cheerfully and quietly he took it in his hand and raised it for a toast. 'Let us pray,' he said, 'that the journey from this world to the next may be fair.'

When he had drunk it his friends burst into tears. He turned to them. 'My friends, whatever are you doing? I have heard that a man ought to die in peace. Keep silence and be strong.' Then slowly the poison overcame him, limb by limb, creeping slowly upwards. He showed with his hands that his body had grown stiff. The end was near. But first another joke, the last gentle jest:

'Crito, we ought to offer a cock to Aesculapius (the god of Health). Will you remember to pay the debt?'

He meant, of course, that in a moment death would bring him new health and life.

He never spoke again. 'That was the end,' said Crito, 'of our friend, the man we thought the noblest of all we ever knew, and the wisest and the best.'

In three things at least Socrates was not unlike our Lord. Neither left behind them any written word. Both preached unflinchingly and uncompromisingly the Truth. Both were martyred because the Truth they taught was distasteful and because men had neither wit nor brain to appreciate it. Socrates could not offer the power of the Christian ideal and the thrill of the Christian experience. But he was a pointer in that pre-Christian age to the Christian ideal and life is easier for us because he lived. He was himself a living example of all he tried to teach. He embodied the vitality of Greece. He believed in sanity, freedom, liberality in thought and heart. He died as he had lived for Truth. And to-day his words are an echo of those greater words that after nineteen hundred years men still fail to heed: 'If ye abide in my words, then are ye my disciples, and *ye shall know the Truth*, and the Truth shall make you free.'

FREDERICK C. GILL

## THE POET OF MATERIALISM—LUCRETII

IN an age largely immersed in materialism a new interest, not second to Horace or Virgil, is given to the supreme Roman poet whose masterpiece, albeit a torso, embodies the theory that all is material, even the very gods, if gods there be. Lucretius in his *De rerum natura*, by close observation and logical deduction, endeavoured with burning enthusiasm and imperishable verse to announce his philosophy to the world in a work of majestic form and marvellous beauty, seeming to take all knowledge for his province, and issuing a final theory for his sum. He owed his philosophy to Epicurus, to whom he looked as to an unchallengeable intellectual hero, one who had delivered the world from superstition, and dispelled for his followers the vague fears and terrors aroused by those catastrophes of life which were usually attributed to the malice and wrath of imaginary deities. The investigation of the causes of natural phenomena, and the perception that they were due to well-ascertained precedents in physical facts, dissipated all baseless fear; and the prosecution of that investigation to the utmost limits would, he thought, explain the whole universe. The intervening deities were done away and human life gained its *summum bonum* of tranquil pleasure. Virgil in a faultless passage in his *Georgics*, Book II, 490-2, packs the result of Lucretius' research and doctrine:

felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas  
atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

('Happy the man who understands the causes of things, and every fear and the eternal decree that cannot be prayed away, puts under his feet, yea, and the booming roar of the greedy river of Death!')

For English readers Lucretius was rendered into musical prose by H. A. J. Munro and issued in 1864, making his name and fame thereby, and now of late, after many years of study,

R. C. Trevelyan has even excelled him by rendering Lucretius in that noble ten-syllabled blank verse which has been fittingly called 'the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of men'. After reading it in close comparison with the original and Munro one lays Trevelyan down with '*aere perennius*' on one's lips. The closeness of the translation of Trevelyan guarantees you the substance of Lucretius, while the beauty of the verse reflects the charm of the original. The deftness of the workmanship reminds one of the phrase for Spenser—'the poet's poet': certainly Lucretius has gained a poet to turn him, and Lucretius was a poet indeed, deserving one such.

The age of Lucretius found him Latin to write at its best. The simplicity, the gravity, and the dignity of the republican era were still preserved, and expressed themselves in the packed pemmican of the noblest Latin speech. Lucretius was born in 99 B.C. and is reputed to have committed suicide in his forty-fourth year. Revolution and civil war were the order of the day: the old giving place to the new. When he was seventeen Sulla was dictator, proscribing the Marians, restoring the supremacy of the senatorial party, cleansing the administration and reforming the judiciary. For a time it seemed as if *Saturnia regna redeunt*. But the new wine was not to be kept in by the old skins. When he was twenty-one Capua saw the Thracian slave Spartacus initiate the Slave War and sweep over Italy with his forces, as far even as to the Alps. When he was twenty-nine the Sullan constitution had been overthrown, and four years later the first Cataline conspiracy burst out. When he was thirty-six Cicero was consul and Catalina's second conspiracy was crushed. Three years later Caesar was consul and contemplating the conquest of Gaul. Virgil was fifteen and Horace ten when Lucretius died, and when Caesar invaded Britain. The Latin of Lucretius was to that of Ennius on the one hand and Cicero and Virgil on the other, much as the English of Spenser to Chaucer on the one hand and Shakespeare and Bacon on the other. The tang of the ancient was there, but it was compensated for



by the strength and solidity and power that were there too. *Mole sua stat.* To his greatness as poet Virgil and Horace did reverence—*laus laudatis.*

It would appear that the profound seriousness of the Roman character, personified in Lucretius, had been deeply offended by the cruel usages that a corrupt religion had sanctified, and especially because those usages had been given wide circulation to by the poetic legends of Greece and Rome. For example, the moral sentiment of the Roman *pietas* was outraged, and the obligations that mutually bound parent on the one hand and child on the other were travestied, by the religious sanction given to the brutal sacrifice of Iphigenia by her father Agamemnon in order to secure for the Greek fleet an auspicious sailing to destroy Troy. The evil of the thing roused Lucretius to intolerable anger. The fact itself stood self-condemned. Nothing could justify it. No authority could exonerate the perpetrators of the crime. It wrecked the foundation of all society by destroying the bond that existed between parent and child, and *per consequens* sapped the relation between god and worshipper. For all religion, if true, must be co-ordinate with the fundamental moral sentiments of humanity; justice, pity, love, truth must inhere in any *numen* claiming awe, reverence, obedience, worship. So the mind of Lucretius worked, it would appear. Further observation saw all sorts of stories of the gods and men engaged in what traversed the moral sentiment. *Mens sibi conscia recti* at length rose in revolt. Concurrently the observation of the facts of the world gave other solutions to the events in earth and sky than the regulation of natural forces by the caprice of godlings, often more ill than good. Then the conclusions arrived at by Epicurus came before the careful study of Lucretius, and together, the genius of his great master and the close observation of the facts of the world, caused him to throw over the attribution of any thing or event to the creative will of any God or gods, of whatsoever kind.



True, he bowed in the temple of Rimmon. Was it to propitiate the *manes* that ruled the temper of the *pontifex maximus*, or the ill-instructed but sullenly determined temper of the Roman people, whose fear of celestial Society with Jupiter at the head was a thing not to be lightly dealt with and therefore Lucretius had to have a care? Very possibly so. Anyway, in his *De rerum natura* he finds a convenient space in a universe that he conceives of as materialistic and eternal, for a heaven of beautiful aristocratic gods, whose life of perfect ease and pleasure is absolutely undisturbed by the good or ill of human affairs—beings to whom prayers or threats are equally invalid. With sublime *insouciance* and infidel condescension he tickles the vanity of religious orthodoxy thus, Book I, ll. 945-50:

Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est  
immortali aevo, summa cum pace fruatur,  
semota a nostris rebus, seiunctaque longe.  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis  
ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

('For of necessity the divine nature flourishes by itself in profoundest peace and in a deathless age, removed completely from our affairs; for separated from all pain and peril, it is strong in its own resources, lacking nothing from us, not won by our services, nor stirred with any anger.')

It is a relic of the Aryan conception of Brahm, the ultimate deity, to whom the universe is a playful illusion, a *lila*, the thought of the pleased Dreamer—the ultimate nescience of desperate monistic philosophy.

Surveying the universe as apprehended by the senses Lucretius deals with the ultimate constitution of matter, the nature of the soul, and the phenomena of the heavens, and tracing everything to its true proximate cause he fights the superstition of his time with the intensest ardour. To him religion and superstition are all one. Impersonal law stamped on the nature of things excludes all deity. Everywhere there is matter in movement combining and producing

by chance all living and inanimate things. Matter in endless movement necessitates the existence of space to move in and he concocts the existence of what he calls *void*, or *vacuum*, mingled with all things, in a universe that is eternal and boundless. Ultimate matter is composed of invisible seeds in endless motion, in infinite space; these collide with one another to form new combinations, their collision being due to a second concoction of Lucretian thought—a certain *swerve* in the motion of the seed or atom, that disturbs the everlasting motion and creates new forms from the combination of singular, simple seeds; all life and variety are but the rise and fall of these combinations: everything finally going back to the seed condition. No matter is lost, no energy destroyed, all is endless evolution and devolution. There is nothing new under the sun, or above, for that matter. The soul, as ordinarily understood, has only a transient manifestation as a mere mode of existence. He divides it into what for lack of better terms we may call soul and mind, and explains the soul as illustrated by the life still moving in the limb cut off in battle while the mind is resident in the eager soldier heedless of pain charging the enemy. (Soon the mind also gives way and the man falls.) Both combine in the phenomena of the living man, sentient and intelligent and purposing. And that combination of will and intelligence and feeling will once more appear in infinite time and space, with no recollection of the past or anticipation of the future, when the ultimate seeds or atoms in endless motion form a similar combination in similar conditions. The soul is the flame of the candle: blown out, it appears nowhere: the hopes of the good and the fears of the bad are equally an illusion.

Lucretius is a veritable *ghazi* of this materialistic faith, and describes the facts of life and of the universe with a vision so clear, and an expression so exact that his thought is seen in the round, the picture is stereoscopic: his style matches all, packed, hard, finished, with a precision that seems faultless: his statements of law are gnomic. What a master he must

have appeared to both Horace and Virgil in the next generation as they coned his lines, and perfected their own, each in his own *genre*. If Lucretius tells of the tragedy of Iphigenia, for instance, Virgil has music of his own to tell a story, but none more living, vivid, pitiful, and in so short a space. You seem to see the poor girl as the truth flashes upon her that her death is intended; dumb with fear she drops on her knees in an instant, begging protection from 'him to whom she gave the name of father'.

Muta metu terram genibus summissa petebat  
nec miserae prodesse in tali tempore quibat  
quod patris princeps donare nomine regem.

Then, after vivid detail, bursts forth the immortal sentence calcining as with a lightning flash the false pretensions of a superstition that demanded that such cruelties should be accepted as an adamant and fundamental necessity in the situation:

tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

(To so much evil can religion induce.) As with human tragedy so with the description of natural phenomena, the powerful genius of Lucretius shows itself in the minute and exact delineation of what he describes: he is an absorbed spectator, with infinite linguistic facility, yet deploring his Latinity—like Baldwin his English. Yet his Latin is hammered gold. His master passages, on death, in Book III, on the Cow, in Book II, on Epicurus, in Book I, are unchallengeable, so is his invocation of Venus in Book I, and plenty more.

The deductions Lucretius draws from the facts of nature, whether in man or things, are, of course, limited severely by the age in which he lived, but even so he seems to have almost touched again and again generalizations upon physical phenomena, and the evolution of man and animals, that foreshadow the findings of modern physics, geology, archaeology, and astronomy. His vivid account, for instance, of the

difficulties facing primitive man in conflict with wild animals and natural forces, rising step by step, till at last he emerges into civilized life, is a matchless piece of work, and must have been a positive delight to Huxley and Darwin, Wallace and Tylor, and all that glorious company that in the last half of the nineteenth century saw the world of living things under the interpretative light of a new instrument of knowledge a fresh generalization, a new setting of facts in correlated order, a sweeping up of chaotic exceptions into an ordered cosmos, the natural history of the universe rationalized. A rich mine of thought and poetry is supplied by Lucretius, that no initial difficulty raised by his antique grammatical forms ought to prevent his six books being widely read. They are not so numerous as they appear, though they often recur, and soon in reading him, his packed thought and expression give more pause than his grammatical forms could, or their strange syntactical order.

The pathos of the life and death of Lucretius is, that his spirit found no rest in the wilfully avoided theorem of a Universal Mind and Heart that was the *Causa causans* of the Universe of man and things. His wreck reminds one of many another. Renan in St. Sulpice rejecting the false theorem of an absolutely infallible book, (and especially that infallibility extending to all in its pages), flung over the Church and the Christian faith, as ordinarily understood. To offend Rome was not necessarily to offend the Church, for that Church existed before the Roman form of it had yielded to circumambient heathenism in its institutions, and to pre-Christian traditions in its beliefs. Renan's sun went down while it was yet day. And yet to what fine things did both men bear testimony at times, and in language of inexpressible beauty. Nothing in Shakespeare's tragedies is more telling than the description of the soul of the evil-doer presaging its final doom and wrung with the agonies of remorse, as Lucretius, with the precision and beauty of a picture painted by Meissonier, draws attention to that mind: all the despair of the idea of *Karma*, as the

Aryan mind images it still in the Indian devotee, he bears witness to: but of course Lucretius while describing the tortured soul of the wrong-doer never allows there may be just cause for his apprehensions. The phenomena he delineates so vividly, and acknowledges to be so common, are to him the conjured-up terrors of a guilty man, deluded by a false apprehension: superstition befools him.

Sed metus in vita poenarum pro malefactis  
est insignibus insignis, scelerisque luella  
verbera, carnifices, robur, pix, lamina, taedae;  
quae tamen et si absunt, at *mens sibi conscia facti*  
praemetuens, adhibet stimulos, torretque flagellis;  
nec videt interea, qui terminus esse malorum  
possit, nec quae sit poenarum denique finis:  
atque eadem metuit, magis haec ne in morte gravescant:  
hinc Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.

lib. III. ll. 1027-35. Editio Tauchnitü.

(‘But there is in life a terrible fear of punishment for terrible evil deeds, the certain expiation of crime, the prison, the horrible hurling headlong over the precipice, stripes, executions, the rack, boiling pitch, the hot plates of metal, the torches; and although these all be lacking, yet the mind selfconscious of its evil-doing dreads punishment beforehand, feeling by anticipation the piercing spurs, the roasting with hot whips; nor meanwhile has it sight of what can be the end of these evils, nor what the limit of its pains, but fears that the same, or even more than these, may increasingly crush it in death: hence life itself becomes a very hell.’)

But *scribere longum est*. Rich is the mine that Lucretius provides. His mighty poem is unfinished. It ends with a description of the plague that matches that of Thucydides. It attempts what Epicurus did, to pierce ‘beyond the flaming ramparts of the universe’, as then understood, and to bring back some gains of priceless worth to fear-stricken humanity, some new vision of the true nature of the world, though when all was brought, it was recognized to be ‘but in part’. He was a disciple of the true in his rejection of superstition; and if he failed to recognize the Beneficent Artist in the presence of His works it was a sad blindness caused by the fumes of his overmastering passion in the presence of heartless

cruelty exercised in the name of the Unseen, and to him, Incomprehensible. He cleared the rubbish and bared the rock for a temple 'not made with hands'. The revelation of God somehow seems not to have dawned upon him. He mapped the midnight stars, nor anticipated a sun. If we may trust that fierce, orthodox, catholic saint, Jerome, bitter on all heathen, insanity and suicide ended his days, nor had Lucretius the moral genius to apprehend under the figure that Socrates made immortal, that life here (as Job also said) is a campaign, a warfare, in which each man has his post, nor is it permitted to quit till the Commander orders. Alas, Lucretius had no sufficient sense that he was a soldier, or had a Commander, and so he took leave of life when the burden seemed intolerable: he had asserted his freedom face to face with the tyranny of the Known (superstition) that he conceived of as unbelievable and discredited by self and the universe; and now at long last, he asserted his freedom to act, and prove the fact, as to the present Unknowable (God): he died a determined and free Agnostic making his final experiment.

The blank despair of Lucretius and his final self-destruction reads its lesson: the law of the atom is the law of the mass. A soul or a nation—yea, a world—without God, invites ruin, especially if it denies the fundamental moralities. The saving clause with Lucretius was that he mysteriously and gallantly affirmed those moralities while blind to their ultimate source and yet used their fiery energy to destroy the prime enemy of all religion—superstition. It may well be that like Cyrus he was girded for his strife by One whom he knew not, and at length passed *ex umbris et imaginibus in lucem et veritatem*. *Sic sit*. He who casts out the devil of superstition in the name of Truth and in its interests is not an enemy to the Apostolate.

JAMES LEWIS

**NOVELIST AND NATURALIST:  
AN APPRECIATION OF THE NATURE-WRITINGS  
OF MISS FLORA KLICKMANN**

**T**OUCH is the first, and often the last sense of which we mortals are conscious. The first semi-conscious instinct of the newly-born infant is blindly to fumble for the mother's breast. When sight, speech, and hearing are gone, the last act of old age is often to feel for the clasp of a loved hand. 'Clasp my hand, I die,' were the last words of Alfieri, the Italian poet.

If, then, as I say, touch is often the first and last human sense of which we are conscious, is not 'Tell me a story', the plea, alike, of childhood and old age? As at life's beginnings, so frequently at life's end. When Faber, the hymn writer, was passing, thinking that the actual end was near, he asked that the prayers for the dying be read. Learning that he would live for another twenty-four hours, he said, 'Please read me *Pickwick*'. Some known to me have said that, in the last hours preceding death, this man of saintly life should have concerned himself only about his end. I prefer to think of Faber's last hours as they were. So childlike was his trust, so perfect was his faith in God, that the hours preceding death differed in little to him from the hours of his everyday life; and, as a tired child, knowing that father or mother is in the next room, and will presently return, composes the weary little body, and pleads with nurse, 'Tell me a story, Nanny', so the dying saint, a child in heart and in trust, pleads, as a child might, that his favourite story be read to him.

As the long-time Editor of *The Woman's Magazine* and *Girl's Own Paper*, Miss Flora Klickmann knew that her readers, young and old, demanded to be told a story, and that one of her first requirements was a novel, to appear serially, and by a popular author.



Here I am reminded that Mr. G. S. Street, whose *Autobiography of a Boy* was then running serially in a weekly publication, thus delivered himself:

'I am choked and surfeited with novels, and read fewer every year. There are so very many. The number of fictitious characters, launched upon the world every year, must quite equal its actual inhabitants. They make us long for facts, and send me, for example, to old letters and memoirs. Fine effects of art are one thing, when we get them. But, that apart, a few facts about real people are worth a million inventions about people who never were. I would rather hear that Byron and Tom Moore supped off lobster and brandy together, than that some imaginary person committed a dozen murders or acts of heroism. I would rather read how Madame du Deffand insisted on taking Horace Walpole for a drive at midnight, than that some heroine of mediocre fiction went through a million perturbations of her confounded soul.'

Possibly Miss Klickmann was of Mr. G. S. Street's way of thinking, when planning her first book, *The Flower-Patch among the Hills*. Possibly, she, too, wearied of the 'million perturbations' through which the 'confounded soul' of such heroines went, or of the minutely and flamboyantly-recorded intrigues, whether ending or not ending in the Divorce Court, of more or less neurotic heroes or heroines. Possibly she decided that though there is a public which finds legitimate and harmless recreation in reading about the detection of crime; and another public which prefers its fiction sometimes less harmlessly spiced with breaches of the moral law—a third public there is which finds cause for such unending wonder and awe at the thought of the mystery and miracle which we call 'life', that the public in question is intensely interested in any story of human life, no matter how uneventful, so long as the story be ably and convincingly told.

That may be the reason why those of us who tire of certain up-to-date novels of crime or of illicit love, in which the principal characters are either abnormal or neurotic, turn with relief to a clean, sweet, if old-fashioned story about real folk, who, like most of the folk known to us in real life, are not heading for the Dock or for the Divorce Court.

Be that as it may, and whether for the sake of the delightfully human, and often delightfully humorous story that it tells; or, as is even more likely, for the sake of the intense and passionate love of Nature by which it is pervaded, the demand for Miss Klickmann's *The Flower-Patch among the Hills* has been so great and so continuous that I have lost count of the number of editions issued, and can do no more than record that my copy, which I have had for years, is one of the twenty-ninth edition.

I have known not a few nature-lovers in my time, but none who could more truly say with Landor, 'Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art'—the Art, in her case, being Music, for has she not been organist at a Great Choral Festival in honour of Handel?

Here, however, I write of Miss Klickmann, not as a musician—but as a Nature-lover, for it is as a Nature-lover that she is at her highest, and will be remembered. None the less, music comes at her call when she takes up a pen, as when she lays fingers upon the keys, and foot upon the pedal, of piano or organ. Is it not a musician who writes thus of trees?

'And each tree has its special and distinct melody, when the wind signals the forest orchestra; there is the sea-surge of the beeches, the swish of the heavily-plumed firs, the rain sound of the twinkling aspen, the soft whisper of the birches, the aeolian hum of the pines, and the sibilant rustle of the dead leaves still clinging to the winter oak.'

Miss Klickmann is the author of successful novels, but, with the single exception of Mr. Warwick Deeping, no novelist, whose work is known to me, has written so often, and so memorably, of trees, as has the author of *The Flower-Patch among the Hills* and its successors. It is in the work of such nature-poets as W. H. Davies, Alfred Noyes, John Drinkwater and Philip Bourke Marston, that we find the loveliest fancies about trees, flowers, and the wind.

Miss Klickmann makes no claim to be a poet, but turning the pages of *The Flower-Patch among the Hills*,

*Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir, The Trail of the Ragged Robin, Flower-Patch Neighbours, or Visitors at the Flower-Patch*, no tree-lover can but pause to read, and to linger over some graceful fancy. She can tell you much about the wind, as well as about trees:

'If you live in clean fresh air,' she writes, 'you know the seasons by their odours, and it is possible to distinguish, with absolute certainty, the four winds of heaven by their scent, just as, at sea, you can smell land, or an iceberg, before it is anywhere within sight. The scent of the east wind is entirely different from the scent of the north, though both are cold and penetrating. In the same way, the scent of growing bracken, for instance, is entirely different from the scent of moss. But it takes time for the town-dweller to be able to distinguish between the more subtle of the thousand fragrances that Nature flings broadcast about the countryside, so blunted is the sense of smell by the coarse reek of dirt, and petrol, and chemicals, and smoke, and over-breathed poisonous atmosphere that does duty for "air" in the modern centres of civilisation.'

Is it because Miss Klickmann is a musician that she has so fine an ear for Nature's music, as when she says of a brook that it is 'quietly talking to itself, like a happy baby, as it wanders downhill, unconcerned and most haphazard, amid watercress and ragged robin and creeping jenny'?

And again:

'There is the rush and clamour of the full winter torrent; the mist-wraith that so often haunts the brooks at sundown; the crooning note of the summer water among the cresses in the shallows; the clear slide of the stream over ledges and broad rocks; the delight of tiny cascades dripping over steps made by the roots of ancient trees; the cool sound of running water on a hot August day. But above all these, and many other lovable characteristics, there stands out the wild, haunting, never-to-be-forgotten song of the stream as heard through the stillness of the night, when shimmering golden moonlight seems to mingle with the sighing of the pines, and the night scents of honeysuckle and dew-damped fern; when the dark outlines of the high wooded hills convey a curious sense of brooding loneliness. Then it is that a Voice, like nothing else in Nature, sings of mysteries that seem at times so near, and, again, so far to reach.'

Countless other passages about trees, the wind, and the music of running waters could be instanced, but the subject of subjects of all the Flower-Patch series, is, as the titles

imply, flowers. Of flowers Miss Klickmann writes so fragrantly that to open a book of hers is as if one had unlocked and thrown open the door of one of those lavender-scented presses, in which, in old time days, our grandmothers stored away articles of snow-white linen. Turning her pages almost casually I light, first, upon a passage about on-coming evening and the evening primrose:

‘Imperceptibly, you know not whence it comes, there steals over the earth the cool, refreshing scent of dew-drenched bracken, mingling with the sweet, wistful evening incense of some late honeysuckle. Then, as the montbretias toll the Angelus from golden-throated bells, the evening primroses, silently, gratefully, open a thousand blossoms and bathe the garden in a wondrous gleam. Such a clear, clean yellow it is; so quiet and yet so penetrating; it seems in some strange way to hold the radiance of heaven, and focus it on the sleeping Flower-patch, subduing all that would strike a glaring note, hiding the ragged deficiencies of fading leaves and withering seedpods. The last rose-pink flush has faded from the clouds; not even a sleepy twitter is heard from bush or bough; the wind sighs softly in the pine-trees, those harps of endless strings. Nature had given moisture to the grass, refreshment to the fainting foxglove leaves, and damped the forest fern. Then, breathing quiet on a weary world, has bidden it take rest. Yet all are not asleep. Standing like sentinels through the darkest hours of night, the evening primroses, adding scent to scent, flood the garden from end to end with a veritable glory of swaying, gleaming moon-gold.’

The next quotation shows Miss Klickmann in a fanciful mood:

‘Haven’t you noticed that most flowers seem to have faces? I don’t mean that you can trace a direct resemblance to human features in them, as you can in the moon; but there is something in the flowers that looks at you—something that looks at you shyly, as the wild rose; or stares at you boldly, like the marigold; or twinkles at you gaily, like the cornflower and coreopsis; or appears slightly inclined to frivolity, like the larkspur and the ragged robin; or takes life with solemn seriousness, like the Canterbury bell; or gives you the innocent look of a baby, like the primrose.’

I said that this shows Miss Klickmann in a fanciful mood, but, just as her experiences as an editor taught her to shun monotony in the contents of a magazine; just, as a musician, she learned to turn from the brilliance and the gaiety of

Mozart to what Sir William Watson calls the 'angel-grieving' of Beethoven—so, as a writer, she remembers Cowper's saying that variety is the spice of life, and changes her subject from flowers to fancies, from Nature to Human Nature, from humour to seriousness, and in one instance, even, to a sermon.

Here is her suggestion for a Parable-from-Nature-sermon:

'And the bindweed—where could you find a more striking analogy to original sin? Flaunting beautiful flowers (which I greatly love) yet all the while spreading wicked roots out of sight, choking everything it lays hold of, turning up in the most unlooked-for places—but there is no need to write more under this heading. A healthy crop of bindweed (and I never knew one that wasn't most irritatingly healthy) could give points to a preacher every Sunday in the year, and then have enough to spare for the week-night services.'

As the bramble is, just now—shall I say 'laying Atlantic cables'? in my own garden, I am at one with Miss Klickmann when her mood changes, again:

'Unless you have watched the career of a bramble, you would never credit how far one blackberry bush can travel, or how much of the earth it can monopolise in one season, with its exasperating habit of drooping its long sprays downwards till they touch the ground, and then sending out roots therefrom, and thus launching a new bush to plague the gardener!'

Now we come to the foxgloves:

'You will find them on the shady sides of the hedges, their spikes of bells pushing up through hawthorn and sloe, through the tangle of bramble and bryony, cleavers and dog-rose that scramble over the pollarded nut-bushes, beeches, elm-stumps, and ash-boles, amid all the dear delights that go to make that poem of loveliness—an English hedgerow.

'You will also find them in little hollows and dells, in small ravines and in craggy places—in any spot where they can get a little moisture for the roots, and occasional sunshine for the flowers, with a certain amount of immunity from the devastating hand of the human marauder. Give them but a ghost of a chance to seed themselves (though this is what the greedy flower-gatherer invariably denies them) and they will spread with great rapidity, and paint the face of nature with a rich, glowing carmine that almost makes you hold your breath when first you see the broad sweeps of colour on certain hillsides in mid-June.

'When you have found them, in any of their haunts, lift one of the bells and look right into it, delighting in the splashes and markings,

the fine filaments, and the silken texture, the pink and purple and crimson, the dark brown and white, the poise of the stalk, the droop of the bells, the balance that the leaf-arrangement gives to the whole plant, and the many other characteristics that go to make up one of the most exquisite of nature's products.

'The trouble is that in sparse soil, or in wind-swept places, the plant does not grow so tall as in a protected and secluded spot. Hence when we meet it in the open, its bells hang downward below the eye-line, and we do not often remember to stoop and lift one, to see what message the bee left for us. Perhaps that is one reason why it seems to me that, while sunflowers and hollyhocks spend their days in gazing after "grown-ups", foxgloves are for ever nodding smilingly and encouragingly to little children. . . . When the bluebells have turned to papery seed-pods and the primroses have paled away into space, the foxgloves begin to shake out their flowers and the hillside glows and palpitates with colour.

'Moreover, there seems an almost uncanny intelligence in the way they adapt themselves to their environment. You would think they knew that the winds from the far-off Channel blow strong at times, across these high open spaces; for you find that they invariably place themselves in the shelter of a big boulder, or settle down in a little hollow with a protecting flank of rockery, evidently conscious that their tall stems would be lashed down flat if exposed to the full force of the wind. Or you find them growing, it may be, at the foot of a crumbling gate-post, or against an ivy-covered rock, or rows of them nestling close up to a lichen-covered stone wall; and in this way their beauty is enhanced by the background.'

In thus painting foxgloves for us, and as she fills in a background of hills, hollows, rock-boulders, and fallen trees, Miss Klickmann sets a full sized canvas on her easel. Here, by way of contrast, is a flower-picture etched in on the smallest of cameos:

'If wild roses were as expensive to rear as choice orchids, people would be clamouring to get them. But because they ask for nothing but fresh air and a little space in which to wave their festoons of blossoms, we hack them down, and seldom give a thought to the loveliness we are destroying. Yet—where would you find a scent more delicate than the wild rose perfume? Where is there a colour more exquisite than the wild rose pink? And where is there anything more beautiful, either in Art or in Nature, than a half-opened wild rose bud?'

In another passage, Miss Klickmann bids us look upward—the words remind me that Dr. J. W. Thirtle said, of The Lord's Prayer, that it 'opens with an upward look, *Our Father*



*Who art in heaven,'—from a wild rose in the hedge to a rainbow in the heavens:*

'The weather has been like April to-day, brilliant sunshine and heavy showers. Suddenly the sky behind the cottage was lit up with a rainbow—a glorious span of colour that seemed to be resting on the hill-top. Then it dropped a bit lower at one end, and the big pine trees that stand higher up at the top of the orchard looked most majestic against it. Lower it seemed to drop, and then I distinctly saw the place where it touched the ground. You know they say there is a pot of gold buried at the end of the rainbow—where do you think that rainbow pointed? Why, straight at my Fairy Dell! So I know there is gold buried under that boulder, and that is why there is always sunshine peeping through the green; first it comes out in the yellow jasmine, then it flares in the daffodils, later you find it in the dancing buttercups and in the lovely honeysuckle, finally it waves to you a bright "Good-bye, Summer" in the clump of golden-rod that is near the entrance.'

'The Fairy Dell' is not far from 'The Squirrels' Highway', so called because 'to and fro, up and down it daily, there is a scampering of tiny feet, and a waving of reddy-brown tails, as the squirrels travel from one set of woods to the other, going down regularly every morning, and returning about noon by the same route'. We are shown what Miss Klickmann happily describes as 'a series of lovely motion pictures'.

'Of all our Flower-Patch neighbours, big and little, none equals the squirrel for sheer grace. Whatever he does, he does beautifully. Most of his movements are curves. No matter how swiftly he runs up and down the trees, or leaps from bough to bough, or skims along the grass, he is never angular or clumsy, but always suggests a bit of happy lightness going through life. Even when he's angry, and stamps his small hind feet to emphasise his august displeasure at being discovered in the nut-box' (Miss Klickmann hangs boxes containing nuts on the trees for his benefit) 'he does it so charmingly, and waves his angry tail so prettily, that one longs to pick him up and hug him. But I've never gone so far as that yet.'

Here are some other squirrel-studies:

'How daintily these little creatures feed! To begin with, they know unerringly whether the nut is good or bad. I conclude they tell by the weight; but whatever it is that supplied the information, the fact remains that the moment they pick up a nut, they know its contents, and instantly fling it to the ground if it is bad or empty.



You will find nuts below the trees looking perfectly good; crack one, and never once will you find a good kernel. The amount they will eat is astonishing, considering how small the little body really is. Most that one sees is only thick fur. Nut after nut vanishes till at last they seem so replete that one would fancy they could hardly move. But up they go, as agile as ever, and, finding a comfortable seat on a high-up bough, they next proceed to do their toilet—quite a fascinating process to watch. They stroke their fur all over, right down to the tip of the tail, apparently getting every single hair into its rightful place. They clean their whiskers and wash their faces something like a cat does. And then I have seen them switch up the tail and give themselves a final brush-down, on one side, with the end of the tail; and next, switching it round to the other side, giving that a brush-down also.'

In another passage we read how the hospitality which, as hostess, Miss Klickmann was glad to extend to her squirrel-guests, was abused by the wild-life equivalent to those who, in our own social life are known as 'gate-crashers'.

'The amount of nuts which disappear from the nut-boxes is ruinous, when one has to buy them at the stores, not always having time to collect the wild ones from the hazels. Sometimes as much as two pounds of nuts have been cleared up in one morning. At last I felt convinced that the squirrels were not eating all of them, despite their buxom appetites. We watched specially one day, to see what actually did become of them, and soon found that many others of our little neighbours were sharing the feast. Birds were constant visitors to the boxes—jays, nuthatches, and various tits being the most frequent visitors.

'But one morning, I discovered another visitor who was getting his breakfast at my expense. At first I thought it was a grey squirrel in the box, and I felt sorry, because I love the red ones, and don't want them driven off by their more pugnacious grey relatives. Soon I saw it was a stoat who had climbed the tree, and evidently appreciated the fare; for, while I watched, he made over thirty journeys up the tree, each time taking one nut, and descending with it to a sheltered spot in the bushes at the base of the tree. In a few seconds he was up the tree again, and helping himself to another nut. No wonder the boxes were always empty, no matter how often they were filled. Yet I don't know why I should so gladly provide for the squirrels, and grudge a few nuts to a stoat. I know his career isn't blameless. Still, he was a painstaking little animal. He worked hard climbing up and down for that meal. I hadn't the heart to interfere with his enjoyment.

'On thinking it over afterwards, I decided that, though the same Creator had made them both, I, personally, owed more to the squirrel

than to the stoat—who had never done me a kind turn in his life, but, on the contrary, had robbed me of my chickens. Whereas I was indebted to the squirrels for more than I can ever translate into words. On one occasion I lay ill in bed, at that low ebb when nothing seems to matter, and one has no inclination even to try to get stronger. The spring sunshine was on a big spruce, which nearly brushed the jasmine around the open bedroom window. Suddenly, two lovely little Sprites (they seemed something more than mere animals) came lilting over the trees—I can think of no other word than “lilting” which better describes their graceful, light, curving leaps—and for reasons known only to themselves, they decided to remain for a while in the spruce tree. There they played hide-and-seek, one lying flat along a half hidden bough, waiting to pounce on the other, who was looking for him. They chased each other high and low, their coats glinting a really brilliant red in the sunshine. Then one of them came to the extreme end of the branch nearest my window. Sitting on his hind legs, he took a spray in his front paws, and nibbled it for a few minutes, looking all the while such a lovable morsel as he sat there, where I could watch every movement, every glance of his eyes.

‘The sight of these fearless, happy little creatures, simply content to enjoy the good things provided for them by an unknown Friend, seemed to put new life into me. Their grace and beauty was something for which to be truly thankful. The very fact that their world was so far above me, as they drifted among the tree-tops, was in itself mysteriously fascinating. Those gay, frolicsome little elves did more to help me to take hold once more of daily living, than all the good advice and bottles of medicine in the world could ever have done.’

On other subjects than squirrels, trees, flowers, and running water, Miss Klickmann writes with freshness, charm, and humour. Of an occasion when—as a new maid had arrived overnight—Miss Klickmann herself, instead of one of her other maids, was first down in the morning:

‘I got up early the morning after her arrival, in order to show her the way about; and, because it is not one of my daily duties to be the first down in the morning, I noticed all the more how the opening of the doors and windows, to let in the day, is something much more than the mere undoing of locks and latches. There is nothing to compare with the inrush of sweet morning air that greets you on the threshold, as you take your first look-out on a dew-sparkling garden, probably all alive with the songs and chirps and twitter of the birds, and teeming with the scent of things seen and unseen, each pouring forth its gratitude in its own way for the ever-new miracle of the sun’s return. This letting in of light and clean air, sunshine, song and scent, after the inanimate darkness of the night, is so wonder-

fully symbolic that it seems a mistake it has come to be regarded as one of the inferior domestic tasks, relegated to the minor members of the household.'

If Miss Klickmann opens the door, and steps into the garden among the birds, be sure she is observing all she sees.

'Than "the policeman robin"' ('he always looks well-tailored' is her comment) 'no other bird is so keenly alive to all my comings and goings. It doesn't matter how fully occupied he may be with the settlement of every other bird's affairs, I have but to go up the garden with fork or spade or broom, and before I have turned half-a-dozen clods, or pulled out a handful of weeds, I am conscious of a soft streak through the air, though I hardly see it; there he sits on a low branch of a currant bush close to my hand, or stands motionless on an edging-stone at my very feet. If I take no notice of him, in all probability he starts a Whisper Song to call attention to himself.

'Have you ever heard this? It suggests nothing so much as elf-land music; I know no other song exactly like it. You seem to hear a bird warbling most delightfully, but it is far, far away. You raise your eyes and scan the trees around, but no singing bird can you discover; you decide it must be farther off—but what a haunting charm there is about it. Then it ceases. Mr. Robin is hoping that you have understood what he has been saying. But no, the obtuse human just goes on weeding the path as before; so the Whisper Song starts again. This time you think it resembles a very mellow musical box shut up in some distant room.

'Suddenly you see him, singing straight at you, so close to your hand that it gives you quite an uncanny feeling for the moment, and you wonder: Who is he—what is he—that he should be saying all this to me, obviously to me, and to no one else but me? . . . And so he follows me round the place. I never garden alone. If at first I cannot see him, I whisper a quiet call; invariably I hear the Whisper Song in response, and there he is—waiting, watching, missing nothing, with his tiny throat-feathers vibrating and quivering as he strives to let me into birdland secrets, and tells me lots of wonderful things that, as yet, I am too dull-witted to understand.'

If Miss Klickmann did not write of the blackbird as 'he', I should say that she thinks of the blackbird as a 'prima donna' among bird singers. But your prima donna, like your 'star' of the cinema world, is apt to be 'temperamental':

'I never knew a bird with as many grudges and grievances. He "chut-chuts" at me if I'm late with his breakfast; at Abigail when she ventures to gather a few raspberries; at the dog whenever he sees him; at the little colt for scampering down the meadow; at the cuckoo when his voice breaks—I've heard him get up after all the

family had gone to bed, and roundly abuse a poor July cuckoo who had developed a bad stutter—and every night about sundown he admonishes the world in general, from his pulpit in a pine.'

Miss Klickmann admits that 'of all the bird family, the tits are our favourites':

'There is the great-tit, brilliantly yellow as a daffodil, with an admixture of black velvet and pure white; he and his wife quite take your breath away as they splash down out of space, and flitter about among the sober thrushes and darker blackbirds. . . . Then, again, we all think we know the blue-tit; but when you see him in the wilds, he is a very different looking morsel from the dirty-blue apology you meet nearer town. On the bird-board, he is almost metallic in the brightness of his blue-green feathers, and the lovely tint of yellow. He raises his crest-feathers with pleasure, when he sees the suet on the branch; and over the little acrobat goes, hanging head downward, or clinging with one tiny claw to a piece of twig; it is all one to him, he swings about like a bright enamel pendant.'

'But I can't go through the whole list,' Miss Klickmann says, of the birds that frequent her garden, nor must I further go through her pages to instance other happy bird-pictures, especially as, before concluding, I have something to say about that same bird-frequented garden which surrounds her eyrie among the hills, overlooking the Wye.

The reader will remember a saying: 'Oh, worst imprisonment—the dungeon of themselves.' Miss Klickmann takes us out of ourselves by taking us back to Nature, and to a garden. 'Is the fancy too far brought,' asks Alexander Smith in *Dreamthorp*, 'that their love of gardens is a reminiscence, haunting the race, of the remote time in the world's dawn, when two persons existed—a gardener named Adam, and a gardener's wife called Eve? In my garden I walk out of my habitual self, my everyday thoughts. These I leave behind me, for a time, as the bather leaves his garments on the beach.'

This is true of Miss Klickmann's garden, of which in her books, she paints pictures. Sometimes her subject is of the tiniest, a flower, a bird, a butterfly, or a bee. Sometimes on greater scale, she limns 'that stately lady, the lime tree', or 'lichen-covered, twisted old apple trees that hang out

bunches of pale green mistletoe, for all to see, during the winter, and then surprise with a bride-like flush of pink and white in Spring'. But she knows as Alexander Smith reminds us that, though the scene of the world's first great narrative—the first chapter of Genesis—is laid in a garden, the chapter does not end until manhood and womanhood have come upon the scene; and, though Miss Klickmann lays her scenes in a garden, the human interest is never wanting.

But, whether she writes of Nature, or of Human Nature, her choice is (in John Drinkwater's words):

For all things clear, for all things brave,  
For peace, for spiritual light,  
To keep love's body whole, to save  
The hills of intellectual sight.

She is too keen-eyed an observer, too faithful a recorder, to picture men and women as without their human weaknesses and foibles—foibles with which she does not hesitate, occasionally and humorously, to make play. None the less she is of the school of humorists who are humorous by nature, but not by ill-nature; and, both of Human Nature and Nature, her first wish is to show us that which is lovable or lovely. I remember telling my old friend, Sir James Barrie, that words of his about his mother were often in my mind: 'For when you looked into my mother's eyes, you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all, who looked, to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature.' I think that the same words, or at least a similar thought, must often have been in the mind of Flora Klickmann.

COULSON KERNAHAN

## RELIGION AND DRAMA

THE attitude of Methodism to the stage has always been one of opposition. The Puritanical mind regarded the stage as the instrument of the devil or the Pope—both equally evil beings in its eyes. Nevertheless, the stage has always been associated with religion, and it is undoubtedly correct to say that modern drama was born in the Christian Church. One writer has very rightly said, 'the cradle of English drama rested on the Altar'.

In the days of ancient Greece the stage was part and parcel of the life of the people. Wherever the Greek went he passed among altars, temples and statues of divinities—even in his own courtyard he had his statue to Zeus. No wonder, therefore, that in the centre of the Greek stage stood the altar. It was a public duty to attend, so much so that the poor had only to plead poverty before a magistrate to be given from public funds the necessary money to gain admittance. The theatre was on consecrated ground. Dr. James Adam, in *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, wrote: 'the representation of a tragedy was, in a true and proper sense, an act of public worship rendered by the state to one of its gods.' Those who acted were the consecrated servants of a god. The influence on the masses was immense. Before the birth of Christ the drama reached its highest degree of perfection on the Greek stage.

Roman drama was an offshoot of the Greek, but it was Roman drama that brought drama to its lowest state. It became an expression of the lowest and most degrading thought of the people. 'Under the later Roman Empire the drama died a natural death, not because the Church condemned it, but by a lust for sheer obscenity and bloodshed which made true dramatic writing impossible. Until the theatres in which men were made to die and women to prostitute themselves, not in show but in reality, had

long been closed and forgotten, the stage was something too vile and horrible for any attempt to Christianize it; nor could the innate dramatic instincts of mankind again find free play amid the unhealthy surroundings of a dying civilization.'

No wonder, therefore, that when the early Christians came to England anything appertaining to the stage was taboo. In the fifth century all players and entertainers were denounced by the ecclesiastical council. It is at first thought surprising that drama actually developed within the Church itself. But when the matter is really considered is it really surprising? The Roman Catholic worship is essentially symbolic. From the fourth century the central act of worship was the Mass—which is really a dramatic commemoration. Other examples of dramatic representation are found in the ritual used at the dedication of a church, and on Palm Sunday the procession before Mass in commemoration of the entry into Jerusalem. Is there any wonder that this method was adopted when the services were conducted in a tongue the people could not understand? Here was an expression the people could understand.

Antiphonal singing was the next stage forward. The choir, divided into halves, either 'answered' each other or the cantor. This gave rise to the first real liturgical plays—known as the 'quem quaeritis'. The Easter story was dramatized. An indication of the way this simple 'play' developed is gained from the *Concordia Regularis* for use in Benedictine monasteries during the tenth century. Mr. E. K. Chambers, in *The Medieval Stage*, translates the instructions thus:

‘*Concordia Regularis*.

‘While the third lesson is being chanted, let four brethren vest themselves. Let one of these vested in an alb enter as though to take part in the service, and let him approach the sepulchre without attracting attention, and sit there quietly with a palm in his hand. While the third response is chanted,



let the remaining three follow, and let them all, vested in copes, bearing in their hands thuribles with incense and stepping delicately as those who seek something, approach the sepulchre. These things are done in imitation of the angel sitting on the monument and the women with spices coming to anoint the body of Jesus. When, therefore, he who sits there beholds the three approach him, like folk lost and seeking something, let him in a dulcet voice of medium pitch sing "*Quem quaeritis*". And when he has sung it to the end, let the three reply in unison *Ihesu Nazarenum*. So he, *Non set hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat. Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis*. At the word of this bidding let those there turn to the choir and say *Alleluia, resurrexit Dominus*. This said, let the one still sitting there, and as if recalling them, say the anthem *Venite et Videte locum*. And saying this let him rise and lift the veil and show them the place bare of the Body, but only the cloths laid there in which the Body was wrapped. And when they have seen this, let them set down the thuribles which they bare in that same sepulchre and take the cloth, and hold it in the face of the clergy and as if to demonstrate that the Lord has risen and is no longer wrapped therein, let them sing the anthem *Surrexit Dominus de Sepulchro* and lay the cloth upon the altar. When the anthem is done let the prior, sharing in their gladness at the triumph of our King in that having vanquished death He rose again, begin the hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*. And this begun all the bells chime out together.'

This explains the presence of Easter sepulchres in the churches of England. The step had been taken. Religious drama had in very truth been born—and its cradle rested on the Altar. Representations of the Easter story were soon followed by those of the Christmas story. At different places throughout England and Europe the people were witnessing the Christian message. At the different places various versions were being performed, but generally they could be traced to a common root.

These 'plays' were being performed within the church itself. Professional minstrels and jugglers were not slow to realize the popularity of plays, and began to perform in the market place. The Church soon replied. All such were excommunicated. The effect was that people flocked to church so that the church could not hold them all. From inside, the play moved to the churchyard.

Certain facts then determined the development of the English drama.

(1) The plays were growing in length and size, which necessitated the introduction of lay actors.

(2) The beginnings of comedy. This was all very well in moderation, but unfortunately the comedy was oft-times coarse and blasphemous.

(3) The English climate decided when dramatic representations could be produced.

(4) The Council of Vienne of 1311, which instituted the feast of Corpus Christi. This feast was celebrated by a procession led by the priests carrying the Host followed by local dignitaries, religious bodies and guilds. At various stages the Host was shown to the people.

These four facts led to the evolution of a new technique. The Corpus Christi procession was enlarged. Passing from the hands of the priests to the Guilds the procession became a series of plays from Adam and Eve to the New Testament. Some indication of what this development led to can be gained from Archdeacon Rogers (obit 1595) who saw one of the last of the Chester plays. 'Every company,' he wrote, 'had his pagiant, or parte, which pagiants weare a high scafolde with two rowmes a higher and a lower, upon four wheeles. In the lower they apparellled them selves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders mighte heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They begane first at the abay gates, and when the firste pagiante was played it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the mayor,

and so to every streete; and soe every streete had a pagiant playinge before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the day appoynted weare played: and when one pagiant was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they mighte come in place thereof exceedinge orderlye, and all the streets have theire pagiantes afore them all at one time playeing together; to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scaffoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes.'

The number of plays grew until at York as many as forty-nine were included. Other elaborate pageants were performed at Wakefield, Chester and Coventry. Each scene was taken by a Guild—chosen as nearly as possible because it seemed the most appropriate guild for the particular scene, therefore the boatbuilders depicted Noah and the flood, and the goldsmiths depicted the Wise Men, and so on. Professionals were on occasion engaged, and it is interesting to note in the old account books the amounts paid to the performers. Pilate received 4s.; Herod received 3s. 4d.; God received 2s.; Devil and Judas received 1s. 6d.; Peter and Malchus 1s. 4d. Their stage effects were marvellously contrived. Devils appeared and vanished through trap doors. Christ was borne to the pinnacle of the temple by means of a pulley and rope. And a man was paid fourpence to keep alive the fire in Hell's mouth.

What was the attitude of the Church? In 1244 Robert Grossteste, of Lincoln, had ordered his archdeacons to end the production of miracle plays. A 'treatise of miraculis playinge' attributed to a follower of Wycliffe had made yet another attack. But the attacks were spasmodic.

The Reformation found the stage a convenient source of satire. The stage, in consequence, fell into disrepute. The split between drama and the Church was complete. In 1545 'common players' were described as 'Ruffyns, vagabonds, masterless men, and evill disposed persons'. The split was not

a passive one. The Puritanical mind was keenly conscious of the danger of the stage. His objections were several:

- (1) The stage was the successor of the medieval play, which was twice cursed—its father was pagan, its mother popish.
- (2) The Bible was open. The sermon could brook no opposition, and rivalry between the stage and the pulpit was acute.
- (3) Plays were performed on Sundays. The medieval plays had naturally been performed on Sundays.
- (4) No women were allowed on the stage. Boys therefore dressed up as women. This infringed the Divine Law.

The offensive was carried out by preachers, pamphleteers and civic authorities. The sermons of the preachers do not remain (in any quantity). The conflict between the civic leaders of London and the players is evidenced by ancient documents and books. The Mayor and Corporation were Puritans. The players were 'caterpillars of the common-wealth'. Queen Elizabeth opposed her City Councillors. Restrictions were numerous. No players were sanctioned other than those privately 'owned' by certain lords. No play could be performed without the permission of the Council. No play could be performed unless the death rate had been for 20 days below 50 a week. In consequence the excuse of the plague was frequently put forward. Summer after summer the theatres were closed. So it was that the theatres were driven into the fields outside London and into the hands of the Court. This was unfortunate. The theatre ceased to be a national institution. Remember this was the age of Shakespeare, and that had the Puritan been completely successful we should be lacking the great dramas and comedies this master wrote. The pamphleteer was bitterest of all, and of this tribe there were many. The most famous of all was Prynne. The two first Stuarts were not opposed to

encouraging satire against the Puritans. Prynne was a Puritan of the Puritans. In his *Histriomastix* (eleven hundred pages long!) he utters all that the Puritans ever said against the stage. It is a complete attack. In it he refers to all women actors as 'notorious whores'. He was ignorant (or made a serious error of judgement) of the fact that Queen Henrietta Maria was at the actual time of publication rehearsing a pastoral play. The Court was enraged, and Prynne was hauled before the Court of the Star Chamber. His penalties made him a martyr in his cause. He was ordered to stand in the pillory; to lose both ears; to be branded a seditious libeller on both cheeks; to be fined £5,000; to be perpetually imprisoned; to be deprived of his Oxford degree, and expelled from Lincoln's Inn. The Puritans were enraged, and in 1642 seized the first opportunity of closing all theatres absolutely. All players were apprehended and publicly whipped, and playhouses were pulled down.

It is interesting to remember that Milton wrote 'Comus' at the time of this keen feeling!

The return of the Stuarts and the re-opening of theatres brought the English theatre to its lowest ebb. It was perhaps the natural re-action to the rigid austerity of the Cromwellian Puritans. The Court was lively and licentious. The English comedies were the same. No dramatists were immediately available. The beginners turned to the French stage but, failing to observe the moral standard of Molière, they made their plays immoral and unscrupulous.

The attitude of the Church and all respectable people was one of unreserved opposition. In 1698 Jeremy Collier made a violent and sensational attack on the profaneness of the stage. Later John Wesley summed up a general feeling when he described the theatre as 'the sink of all profaneness and debauchery'. But people were beginning to think. David Garrick was an outstanding character, and he really tried to clean the stage of his day. It was not until 1840 that a real change took place. Queen Victoria summoned Charles

Kean to perform at Court. The result of this action was (1) society followed the interest of the Queen; (2) the Church revised its opinions; and (3) the actors themselves became gentlemen.

Slowly the attitude has been mellowing. The English drama is the product of the Church. Has the Church no use for the drama to-day?

DOUGLAS P. BLATHERWICK

# Notes and Discussions

## THE LARGER SELF

THIS phrase, 'the larger self', is taken from a remarkable book recently published under the title, *The Philosophy of Courage, or the Oxford Group Way*, by Philip Leon. A reviewer<sup>1</sup> has described it as 'that rare thing, a book that *demand*s either acceptance or rejection. You can't read it and just leave it alone'. It certainly is most challenging. One would hazard the suggestion that its permanent value may in the end be found in the emphasis it places upon the doctrine it propounds of 'the larger self'.

For the demonstration of this doctrine one can only refer the reader to the book itself: it would be impossible to do justice to it in a short article. But a few comments may serve to suggest how interesting and important it is. God and Myself, says the author, are complementary ideas, each shedding light upon and giving significance to the other. Both represent 'facts' ever present in consciousness. But they are facts of diverse, indeed of opposite, character, for one is wholly good, the other wholly evil. One is a true object of worship, the other a false. Salvation consists in an escape from the evil to the good, from the false to the true.

As the thesis develops, one may note that the 'my' of Myself appears quietly to drop out by the way, leaving only a 'Self', which belongs to Everyman, and only to me because to Everyman. To put it in another way: Leon begins with both '*My* God' and '*Myself*'. But, if these things are mine, they are Everyman's; and so it is right and proper to drop the possessive pronoun in both cases.

This setting of the Self, intensively found within, and extended over the world as the larger self without, over against God, has the greatest philosophic interest. For instance, it suggests—what is true enough—that, if the conception of God is commonly regarded as mysterious, difficult and abstract, so also is the conception of Myself, even though this latter conception is usually regarded as one of the most obvious and commonplace ones of life. To 'know thyself' is one of the most difficult human tasks, as it is one of the most important. Then there is the further suggestion that, without some conception of God, some conscious belief in His existence, there can be no adequate understanding of oneself. But the interest goes further than this; for this doctrine of the larger self blurs the hard and fast distinction we commonly make between the several selves of different individuals; it questions the absolute truth of the dogma we all accept of the distinctness and separateness of those entities we call ourselves. We commonly regard ourselves axiomatically as concrete disparate

<sup>1</sup> R. H. Crossman, *New Statesman and Nation*, May 6, 1939.



realities, each of which is an end in itself; and so we are, if indeed we are children of God. But the use of this term, 'the larger self', at least suggests the possibility of the merging of these atomic beings into a whole, whose significance lies in itself and not in the atoms of which it is made up. An analogy may perhaps be seen in the 'soul of the white ant', the common spirit which seems to govern, organize and vitalize a whole termitary: when that 'soul' passes, the termitary and all its individual termites pass too. Is there actually such a larger self in the world? And if so, what is the relationship of this larger self to individual selves? Leon contends that there is, and that it is against this larger self that in the name of God we must wage unceasing warfare. Such a philosophy gives new meaning to that 'mind of the flesh' which, Paul says, is 'enmity against God'.

Another interesting and important suggestion also flows out, and one that can only be put in the language of paradox. It is that we both may and must dissociate our *selves* from this ubiquitous Self, within and without us. This paradox is true to the teaching of Jesus, that we can only save our lives by losing them. Now paradox is always baffling and paralysing to thought; but, amid the confusion of the paradox, one startling suggestion rises clear and unmistakable, that this 'I' of mine is able to rise above this self also of mine, which I must judge and condemn. I must dissociate myself from it, flee it and escape from it to God. Whoever this 'I' may be, I am in fact as distinct from 'Self' as I am from 'God'!

The Self thus defined and exhibited is wholly evil and anti-God, who is absolute goodness. Leon constantly equates it with sin, though he finds the word 'sin' too abstract and general, as well as too well-worn a theological counter for use. There it is, call it what you will, —a fact and a factor to be reckoned with. Like God, it is a centre of activity, and might indeed be regarded as a spiritual force striving with God for man's allegiance. The suggestion is that, very deep down in human nature as we find it, though not really fundamental to it, there is a strange dualism. Two diverse elements appear, to one or the other of which, *but not to both*, a man may and must give himself. One is this Self, within him and also writ large in the world outside of him, pressing upon him with appalling urgency every moment of his conscious life; and the other is God. It is obviously a condition of his knowledge of God that he should know something of this Self that opposes God, just as it is only the perception of God that will enable him to understand the character of this rebel Self.

God and the Self may be regarded as focal points or centres of activity, surrounding a man, pressing upon him. That we thus find ourselves in the midst of an activity of some sort no one can deny, whether one believes in God or not. By those who reject personal theism, this surrounding or enfolding activity must be regarded, as it were, as something behind Self, of which the Self in each of us is the human and internal expression, and a most mysterious activity it is! For does it not manifest itself in violent mortal antagonism between man and man, between nation and nation? Does not

this multitudinous conflict infect the whole animate universe? Does not the whole universe 'strive together in pain' under the vanity it engenders? Well do the Hindus call the resultant confusion *Maya*, or illusion. Though the detached philosopher may be able to contemplate it without feeling himself involved, to ordinary folk it would seem an utterly meaningless thing from which we cannot detach ourselves. All this, if the centre of activity is believed to be *behind* ourselves, finding its expression only through our disorderly selves.

But the believer in God refuses thus to believe. Instead of putting the centre of activity behind the Self, he swings it over to the opposite pole and sets this centre, which he designates God, over against the activity of the Self, and assures us we can only arrive at an understanding of God by contrasting Him with the activity of the Self. Thus he predicates a universe in which there appear to be two poles, one of light and one of darkness; and yet it is but one universe, in which light alone is positive, in which God alone is real. Self is essentially illusion, dominating the imagination of its victims and enslaving them by fear, and by fear alone. The conquest of this fear Leon rightly styles a 'Philosophy of Courage'.

Incidental to this analysis is this curious doctrine of the larger self. As God is conceived as but one, so this anti-God in Everyman is conceived as one in us all. We should be children of God: too often are we the children of the Devil. This fits in entirely with the teaching of the New Testament regarding the world as evil organized in opposition to God. It gives new significance to the Pauline doctrine of the 'Prince of this world' animating the 'rulers of this world'. It gives some account of the origin of the madness which to-day seems to hold the 'civilized world' in its sway, and which has made all our boasted modern progress seem like the plunging of the Gadarene swine to the abyss. 'The world in its wisdom knew not God,' wherefore also, in Paul's terrible words, 'God gave them up'. Such is the stark reality, as this phrase, 'the larger self', represents it. One feels that there is a great deal of truth in the suggestion, terrifying though the picture be.

But it would be a very great mistake to give the impression that Leon's *Philosophy of Courage* suggests such pessimism as the final word. The very reverse is true. Those who have taken sides with God against this monster Self 'laugh and sing, and clap their hands' with triumphant joy, with audacious assurance. They realize, even gladly realize, that the followers of Jesus must take up each man his own cross, a very real cross; and yet the surrender to it, the glorious companionship to which it introduces the acceptor of it, opens the floodgates of life, of health and of joy. Let each read for himself, and estimate for himself the value of this discovery in his own private experience, to which Philip Leon testifies in such glowing language.

I will close with a further reflection on his analysis of common human experience, which may possibly help in the setting of it forth, and in apprehension of it. Two things I have stressed so far. One is the 'larger self' which so dominates the picture on the one side,

and which is something essentially super-individual (to coin a word): it towers above the individual as a monster enemy of us all, a Cyclopean tyrant. The other thing is the curious fact that we may and must dissociate ourselves from this monster Self, within and without. Each individual has therefore to choose for himself between two super-individual, superhuman things, God and Self. The further point that I now wish to make is that, as there is an enlargement towards evil when a man identifies himself with evil, which is rightly described as coming under the domination of, and as it were acquiring the momentum of the 'larger self', so there is on the other side an undoubted enlargement towards God when he does the opposite, that is, allies himself with the power of God against the monster. As the term 'larger self' has been already appropriated for the development on the side of evil, it would only be confusing to speak of this Godward enlargement as another enlargement of the self in the opposite direction; but it is to be noted that it shares somewhat the same characteristics. There is an enlargement towards good as there is towards evil, however we may describe it. Much might be written about this enlargement towards God. Paul's words at once leap to mind: 'I am able to do all things'; 'all things are yours, ye are Christ's, Christ is God's'; 'that you may be filled with all the fullness of God', and so forth.

Especially does this enlargement affect our intellectual outlook and our sense of communal responsibility, and this early on, so to speak, in the process. It is not too much to say that the wholly surrendered man tends more and more to see things as God sees them, as the natural man, seeking only his own supposed interests, is debarred from doing. Surely this underlies John Wesley's definition of 'true religion' as 'nothing more and nothing less than this, having the Mind of Christ'. I do not think it is at all commonly realized how far this wider outlook upon men and the world has already become almost instinctive among Christian men and women. That strange word Responsibility typically exhibits it. The good 'God-fearing' man admits willingly enough he is his brother's keeper. If there is a larger self in the world, masquerading too often as an angel of light, manifesting itself in all sorts of diabolical pharisaisms, fanaticisms, aestheticisms, and the whole host of human *-isms*, we ought in all fairness to give due weight to that other spirit which is even now already in the world, the spirit of the family, the spirit of trusteeship and of responsibility. It is admitted that the corruption of the best is the worst, that there is a way to Hell from the very gate of Heaven, that a legion of devils may come to dwell where one has been cast out. The battle between good and evil seems to be never over; and yet there is a philosophy of the larger self on the Godward side; there is a Spirit of God already at work amongst men, a world of organized good as well as of organized evil. True, we cannot put our trust in that world of organized good instead of in God: that were at once to corrupt it and make it an idol; but at least we can thank God for it and take courage. It is only in Him that we triumph, and shall

triumph. Even now we can laugh and sing and clap our hands. 'We know not what we shall be, but we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'

G. H. FINDLAY

### SHEW US THE FATHER

MANY times in our lives, at seasons of terrible human catastrophe, in the horrible devastations of war, or particularly at periods of insensate and brutal persecution of innocent victims—such as we have recently witnessed in a neighbouring country—the cry of the afflicted goes up: 'How long, O Lord! How long!' Among those who are merely disgusted but completely helpless onlookers, there is a similar deep murmur of protest which often takes the form of an indignant reproach against Providence that can permit such atrocities to happen. Infidels scoff openly and triumphantly remark that *if there were a God* He could not allow such things to happen. Friends write to one another—as some have done to me—and impatiently observe that 'the Almighty seems to regard human suffering with an un-winking eye', since He allows these things to go on. 'Surely Providence is asleep,' say others.

It seems altogether unbelievable that in this twentieth century such crude ideas about God and 'Providence' should persist. The only half-veiled sneer of such remarks seems to suggest a conception of the Supreme Being much after the fashion of Blake's representations of Him: as a fearsome ancient Seer, with a long white beard, who sits among the clouds and coldly views the struggling mass of humanity below with a perpetual frown, occasionally launching a thunder-bolt among them for no particular reason other than perhaps *pour encourager les autres*.

From earliest ages mankind has craved for a visible manifestation of God, a supreme personal Deity to whom they could individually apply, from whom—by placating Him with suitable offerings—they could obtain certain wishes and desires. Yet, despite this Being's admitted accessibility to bribes, it was assumed as a matter of course that in general He might be counted upon to punish the evil-doers and reward the righteous, the latter being chiefly the suppliants themselves.

It was not a far cry from this representation of the Deity to the Jah-veh, Jehovah of the ancient Hebrews, the tribal God, the War God, God of Battles and Lord of Hosts, who—they believed—encouraged them in their ruthless conquest and occupation of Palestine after their deliverance from Egypt. The beginnings of the knowledge of God were necessarily crude, but such as they were, and in all their later expansion down to the coming of Christ Himself, we owe these ideas of God entirely to the Hebrew people: we are their debtors for all of it.

The Mosaic Law was a marvellous compilation of spiritual genius, and briefly crystallized out in the Ten Commandments, what has it not done for the world! They and the code of the Mosaic Law answered

all requirements in the first ages, yet it was not easy to convey to a people who had just left off worshipping the 'golden calf' of Egypt, the clear idea of a Divine Being, an Infinite God, a remote Deity of whose Person no 'graven image' could be permitted to be shown. Thus, with statesman-like wisdom the Hebrew leaders saw the necessity of at least localizing Him: He was to be their especial Protector and Friend, a Guardian by night and day, who travelled with them, and who took the poor wayfaring, persecuted Hebrews under His all-powerful care. To make them realize His presence—His *unseen* presence—more nearly, Moses had the beautiful idea of preparing a shrine, an ark, a sort of portable temple, within which was an inner Holy of Holies, veiled by curtains, and behind this again, a throne, flanked by two golden cherubim. And it was given out to the people that although 'no man', not even the High Priest, 'hath seen God at any time', the Most High did visit His people, and 'sitteth between the Cherubims' in the Ark. So in this way the Jews localized their God, a tribal God who went with them everywhere, who took a special interest in the Hebrews *and in no other nation*. They alone were the chosen people, protected and accompanied by God: He was with them in their rising up and their lying down, in their goings out and their comings in. A happy conception, surely, marred only by their selfish conservation of this Divine Protector, who, they believed, wrought benefits for them only, and left all other nations to get along as best they might without His help.

This narrow teaching of a warrior, tribal God was possibly the best that could be offered in the peculiar circumstances of those early times: a God to be placated by burnt offerings and sacrifices. This was, moreover, a necessary arrangement for the provisioning of the priesthood, and, unfortunately, gave them a vested interest in the maintenance of the Mosaic regulations. Hence as time went on, and though prophets with wider and nobler vision of God arose in the nation, not even their most eloquent denunciations could effect the alteration or diminution of these ancient rites. Vainly did they urge that God cared more for high, moral behaviour than for burnt offerings, that He 'would have mercy and *not* sacrifice'. The priestly caste remained invariably hostile to all innovations. Then, following the great line of Jewish prophets, came Christ, who, in turn, endeavoured to open the eyes of all who heard Him to a far higher and nobler conception of God.

To think of the Supreme Being in terms of that truly awe-inspiring God of the Hebrews, who was supposed to require 'an eye for an eye' and 'a tooth for a tooth', or to imagine Him as that stern, unmoved Providence who is supposed to be so indifferent to our human sufferings, is to be wholly oblivious of Christ's totally different, and almost revolutionary conception of God. He presented Him to the amazed multitudes who crowded to hear Him, in the tender relation of a father, a parent of whom not merely the Jews but all the human family are the children. Christ claimed to be not only Son of Man but Son of God, Son of the Father. He laid the strongest emphasis upon the Hebrew conception

of God as a spirit, not a personality, adding that those who worship Him must do so 'in spirit and in truth'. He angered the priestly party by insisting that God was not a local or Jewish tribal deity: He did not live in this mountain or in that, neither exclusively in Jerusalem nor in Samaria. Nor did He dwell in temples made with hands. *He dwell in man's soul*: He was in us and we in Him. He repudiated all assumption of miraculous powers for himself: 'the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works.' Christ was indeed so interpenetrated with the Divine Grace and Power that He could say, 'I and My Father are One'.

This was no blasphemous assertion of Deity as the hostile Pharisees claimed: it was merely the assertion of *the Divine in all of us*, since 'in God we live and move and have our being'. It was the confession that we are all sons of God, though few—alas—claim their heritage.

Christ was nevertheless insistent that there could be no visible representation of God, that He could only be known in this way *through human agency*, and when the disciples still pressed Him with their child-like plea, 'Shew us the Father', He answered them: 'If ye had known Me ye should have known My Father also: and from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him. . . . He that hath seen *Me hath seen the Father*. . . . Believest thou not that *I am in the Father and the Father in Me*?'

To impress on His followers that this Divine presence of God would not leave them even if He their Master were to leave them, Christ assured them that this Spirit of God should remain with them and for ever. This was to be the Spirit of Truth, who was already dwelling with them, and should continue to dwell with and in them. Christ was the manifestation of God in the world, the manifestation of the Father. He told His followers that this Spirit should not merely dwell with them but *be in them*, as it was in Him.

May it not then be said that it is this collective, *mass* possession of the Divine Spirit, born in us, as sons of God, *latent* in all of us, and specially manifested in those who believe, that is the manifestation of God in the world: the manifestation of the Father? So that where this spirit is shown, *there God is. It is the Christ spirit*.

We are—to employ a common, everyday metaphor—the human terminals of that great and invisible Infinite Power which is God, working unknown and unseen in the universe, and only demonstrable when we, as terminals, are attached in closest connection with it. Being so attached, what can we not do! What a power is at our disposal! Similarly, being disconnected, what opportunities we are losing, throwing away! The divine spark that can be roused to energy can be extinguished in no man, but it can only become active by being connected up and so, fully charged from the great battery of the Infinite Goodness which is God.

Since only through this human connexion can the power of God work in the world, therefore by reason of his sonship Man must be regarded as *the responsible agent and depository of that Infinite Power of Goodness which is God the Father*. What a responsibility! What an



agency! What a dignity! A responsibility not to be deputed to another. Every individual is personally answerable for his share in the guardianship and dissemination of this power. Men and women are all equally concerned as channels and connecting mediums of this Divine stream of Fatherhood, that is, of Godhead. Wherefore, when men or women stand as it were agape and ask, 'What is Providence doing to permit such and such things to happen?' *they are but condemning themselves.* It is Men who are permitting these atrocities because they have failed to use their power and responsibility as God's vice-regents on earth. They are merely emphasizing their own inaction, their own indifference to the growth of evil upon the earth; they are advertising their disconnection with the Divine Spirit. As human terminals they have failed to be connected up, and so have caused this great lack and absence of the Divine Power which can only work through human personality, and *which is the only possible manifestation of God in the world.*

The absence of Love leaves room for Hate just as the absence of Light brings Darkness. And Hate reveals itself in deeds of cruelty and violence such as the world is suffering from at present. Had Humanity cherished its sonship, its union with the Fatherhood of God, such horrors as have been recently perpetrated throughout the world could never have happened, for the peoples of all countries would have been bound together by bonds of brotherly love, and not been, as they now are, divided by hate.

But the eventual outcome of the present struggle cannot be in doubt, for it is a spiritual, even more than a physical, contest, and must in the end be won by the strength of the Divine forces prevailing over devilish methods of barbarism. But at what a cost! For there will always be vested interests of materialism that will resist spiritual surrender. But the great masses of the people who, though poor and ignorant, are always ready to listen to those who address them kindly and with sympathy, *they* are the ultimate court of appeal in these matters. It is, therefore, above all things urgent that they shall be called to listen to the voice of God, which is the call to goodness, that they shall be led to realize their sonship and its responsibility, and shall be led to recognize that the power of Goodness in the world wherever manifested is in very truth—God.

They must be taught to cultivate and practise all those noble aims that are associated with the Power of Goodness and of Light, and to shun and repudiate the vile suggestions of the Powers of Darkness, the Powers of Materialism that would dominate the world by Force.

Thus led, the Right *must* conquer even as Light conquers Darkness, for we know as long as there is a sun in the heavens the day must dawn! So too then *that mass Spirit of Goodness that is God in us and in the world*, the generating spirit of radiant Love, must in like manner penetrate the world, dispersing the shadows that now overcast it. Then, and then only, shall we see 'the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings!' And thus—we shall be shown the Father.

ALICE LAW



PROPHETENGESTALTEN DES ALTEN TESTAMENTS<sup>1</sup>

PROFESSOR VOLZ's book takes within its range the greater prophetic figures in Israel from Moses to John the Baptist. The aim which the writer has in view is to present the prophetic message of the Old Testament in such a way that it may appeal not only to those who are familiar with the Biblical record but to those whose interest in this record has hitherto been slight. He writes from the conviction that knowledge of the prophets is not merely a matter of culture but of spiritual life, since the prophets are witnesses of the Spirit of God speaking to every age, and not least to the present time. The book is, therefore, expository and has the consummation of the Old Testament in the New always in sight. The discussion of literary and historical questions in which field the author is an eminent authority, is intentionally avoided.

In dealing with the general features of Hebrew prophecy Dr. Volz points to certain characteristics which preserved the spiritual integrity of the message of Israel's prophets and have assured their permanent worth. They viewed their work from the angle of their experience of being called of God, which call laid hold of them and all their thinking and powers. This inner experience of divine action is described by St. Paul when he speaks of his having 'nothing to glory of' if he preach the Gospel, since 'necessity is laid upon me', and is the factor primarily accountable for the self-effacement, the absence of selfishness, which makes the prophets, who feel responsible to God alone, such pure and powerful media of revelation. By emphasizing this broader, though not common, experience of divine compulsion, the author brings us nearer to an understanding of the psychology of prophecy, the ultimate nature of which must necessarily be incapable of complete definition. Another general feature to which the writer appropriately gives prominence is the fact that this living contact of the prophet with God does not amount to a mystical union. 'In the Old Testament the enraptured soul of the man of God never stands as in mysticism for itself alone, but always in communion with other souls, the community of fellowmen upon whom it seeks to perform a divine work.' The experience of the mystic is independent of times and of everything external and objective. The medium of nature, history and society drop from view. But for the prophets, God is the God of the fathers, of history and of the people. History is the realm of revelation, of God's purpose becoming manifest. The prophets' visions and ecstasies are a means of exercising their call and their task upon an actual world. They are creative spirits, *Baumeister am Reich Gottes*, with whom the idea of a kingdom of God grew and whose thoughts on judgement, repentance and salvation came to fruition in the Christian faith. In this regard, readers of Dr. Volz's book will appreciate his appropriate references to the teaching of St. Paul and Martin Luther as bearers of the prophetic

<sup>1</sup> *Sendung und Botschaft der alttestamentlichen Gotteszeugen*, von Paul Volz, 368 Seiten. Calwer, Stuttgart, 1938. Rm. 8.

tradition. Particularly well done is the writer's characterization of the inner development of the prophet-witnesses as under the *Zucht*, or discipline, of the Divine Will which they must themselves learn to know more perfectly. God's hand had not only been laid upon them, it continuously held them.

In Professor Volz's studies of the individual prophets and their teaching, the chapter on Moses may perhaps call forth some regret that the scope of the book does not allow of consideration of religious, historical and literary problems, since these have a bearing on the question of the religious legacy which Moses bequeathed. To satisfy legitimate enquiry, here inevitably aroused, a footnote such as the author later devotes (on pages 207-9) to the Immanuel-passage in Isaiah might have proved sufficient. Volz takes the conservative position that the Ten Commandments derive from Moses, and are the oldest document of the Old Testament. Thus not only the monolatrous worship of Jahweh but the command of an imageless worship and the institution of the weekly Sabbath belong to the Mosaic age. The ethical, social and religious teaching which the writer draws from the Ten Words represents a highly important prophetic message and he stresses the importance of the preface to the decalogue, which implies that the deity of the Old Testament is from the very beginning not Judge but Saviour and Life-Giver. But this is not all. The original deposit of Mosaic teaching is represented as antagonistic to the institution of priesthood and sacrifice. Moses had recognized the religious and moral injury which both sacrifice and priestly religion signified. Because his religion was through and through theocentric, the rule of the priest principle was broken and the sacrificial cult disappeared. With Moses began the 'Protestantism of the Ancient world'. All this seems hard to reconcile with the religious history of Israel where Priesthood and Sacrifice play so large a part, but Professor Volz regards the prophetic teaching of Moses as a revelation so transcendent, so divinely pure, so far above the capacity of the general mass of his people that they were unable to implement it. At the beginning of the Old Testament, he says, stands a giant and not a dwarf, a man of God whose thought was far in advance of the centuries. This measure of Moses' stature may be accepted and cannot be disregarded. The author's view, however, of Israel's religious history increases, rather than diminishes, the complexity of that history. Nevertheless he presents a true appreciation of what, on a wider interpretation, may be called the prophetic message of Mosaism as completed in the consciousness of Israel.

The chapters on each of the great personalities who follow in the succession of the 'Called' deal in a clear and masterly manner with such topics as the attitude of the prophet to the cult, to the nation's politics, to the conception of divine election, to the national prophetism of the times, the growing conception of the nature of God and of righteousness, the expanding vision of what was the counsel of God for the future of Israel and mankind, down to the writer of Daniel and to John the Baptist. 'We must ever again emphasize', says Dr.

Volz in reference to Isaiah, 'that we affirm too little when we speak of the prophets as bringing moral righteousness: they demanded and revealed much more, namely communion with God in the depth of the human heart. By one this is called "seeking God", by another "obedience" and by Isaiah "faith".' But not only are the great themes of the prophets' preaching adequately expounded, the finer traits of personality, which illustrations of Michaelangelo's *Prophetengestalten* seek to illumine, are well drawn by the author, especially in his studies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The Servant Songs, in chapters xlii. 1f., xlix. 1f., l. 4f. of Second Isaiah, are regarded as far too personal in character for the title and task of the servant to have reference to the nation, the Servant is the Second Isaiah himself and the passages are a piece of autobiographical history. Professor Volz's interpretation of those sections and of chapters lii. 13-14, 12 as set forth elsewhere (in his commentary on Isaiah II, 1932) has recently been subjected to criticism by another exponent of the individualistic view, Ernst Sellin in the 'Solution of the Deuteroisaianic Servant of God problem' (Z.A.W., 1937). The theological and literary viewpoints of these two scholars involve considerable divergence of treatment, but this does not substantially affect the wealth of religious thought and aspiration, which, under Dr. Volz's interpretation of the Book of Second Isaiah, blossoms in the soul of Israel's prophetism.

OLIVER S. RANKIN

### A THEOLOGICAL HIATUS

PROBABLY Dr. Bett's arresting article<sup>1</sup> has acted as a gad-fly to many readers of the *London Quarterly*, and stung them into a wish to state their reactions. The editor has courteously invited me to express mine; and I do so gladly because during half a century's ministry the gaps which Dr. Bett has pointed out in our *defensus fidei* have harassed me, and I eagerly await fresh light on these Euclidean Q.E.D.'s.

Sometimes I wonder whether the Almighty desires us to trouble at all about a final solution of these difficult problems. If we are sure that His will is men's salvation through the Way of Christ, can we not leave Final Causes to His eternal wisdom; and, extending the area of Christ's words, 'which the Father has set within His own authority', confine ourselves to the Programme and Application of the Christian religion? This would diminish greatly theological literature!

Again, is it not possible that God regards the pursuit of truth more worthy of man's personality than the acquisition of it, and therefore creates the urge to grapple with these mysteries of religion as scientists do with nature, but, in both spheres, reserving their final solution to the Great Beyond when death has become the gate of life? Whatever may be the reason, exploration into hidden, perhaps unfathomable,

<sup>1</sup> 'A Theological Hiatus,' *London Quarterly and Holborn Review*, July 1939.

depths continues, speculations abound, and our shelves are more and more crowded with volumes endeavouring to grasp the arcana both of nature and grace.

Dr. Bett has acutely, almost painfully, brought us face to face with the hiatus left in the quest for the truth concerning *Atonement* (the death of Christ), *sin and evil*, *Providence*, and the *existence of evil spirits*. My own reactions can only be either assent to Dr. Bett's wistful suggestions or some additional questionings.

1. Concerning the death of Christ and Atonement. The question will thrust itself upon us: Was the actual death upon the Cross really essential to our Lord's world-saving mission? Or was it only an incident, a stupendous one, an unspeakable tragedy indeed, but not actually pre-ordained? Was it *inevitable*, simply because of the struggle between Christ's revolutionary mission and a world-order unprepared and unwilling to accept the new dispensation? I wonder whether we attach sufficient importance to the parable of 'This is the heir: come, let us kill him'. Does not the parable clearly indicate Christ's death as a natural sequence of events? And have we not enough evidence of God's moral and gracious relation to the world in this parable, along with the complementary one—'The Prodigal Son'—to constrain men to exclaim:

'Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all'?

Do we need the polemical parts of the New Testament to prove that Christ's death involved more than this? But somehow theories of Atonement still abound, though never satisfactory. Consequently the *mystery* of the Cross abides—and we still stand in awe feeling unable to deny the existence of a hiatus.

2. Regarding the fact of evil and the personal sense of sin, Dr. Bett asks why these should be inevitable in the nature and development of mankind. I would raise a previous question—'why should the Almighty have created man at all?' Man *was* created, and, of course, we believe, by God. I cannot conceive of mankind, endowed with free-will remaining universally immaculate, unconscious of any wrong-doing; and thus evil has always existed through man's misuse of his supernal gift. The dilemma is between man as a machine, and therefore not a personality in the full sense, and evil and sin becoming inevitable.

We may resent the doctrine of man's total or partial depravity as the result of Adam's Fall, but all the shafts of a humanistic philosophy and an evolutionary theory are doomed to failure; they cannot whittle away the normal man's sense of sin; he knows that he has personally transgressed the will of God; and as long as ministers preach a free, present and full salvation, their message will be welcomed and gladly received both at home and abroad.

3. With regard to the nature and extent of Providence, I feel the force of the pietist's remorseless logic (as illustrated by Dr. Bett's pathetic story of the child); and some adjustment of the terms omni-

potence, omniscience and omnipresence is required. The reconciliation between the operation of the 'general laws of nature' which God has mercifully provided, and the harsh effects of their functioning in individual cases is a baffling and perhaps an insoluble problem. But I can still believe in a divine over-ruling Providence which brings order out of chaos and good from evil. I am unable, however, to believe that God fore-ordains everything, good and bad—pain, disease, accidents or sudden death. I am neither a Deist in believing that God, having made an intricate machine, leaves it to its fate; nor a semi-deist in the belief that God is a sort of director of a stupendously great factory, which he occasionally visits, but generally leaves the management of the factory to others. Somehow, and in divers ways, I regard God as being 'above all, through all and in all'; something, much indeed, must be left to Him who is beyond our sight and all our thought.

4. Regarding the nature of evil and sin. It seems evident that in the New Testament evil and sin are not mere abstractions, but are associated with, in fact *are*, real personalities, possessing mind, passion and will. We must ask again whether our Lord in His references to them was accommodating Himself to current beliefs without really believing them, or, as a true son of his age, believed them to exist, not as mere unintelligent forces but as personalities. Who can decide this? The Bible throughout obviously assumes their existence as living beings, fighting, spirit to spirit, with ourselves. Our own experiences often compel us almost to decide in favour of angels, good and bad, wrestling with us for the prize. Was Milton right after all; and Luther, Bunyan and Wesley? Very anthropomorphic, it is true, but such a conviction would greatly quicken our zeal in the fight, as St. Paul expected it would do. In this matter of their personality I remain a reverent agnostic, inclining to the belief that there are surely 'angels hovering round' both good and bad. The present condition of world affairs increases my perplexity.

ALBERT H. WALKER

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### PERSONALITIES AT AMSTERDAM

THE First World Conference of Christian Youth which met at Amsterdam between July 24 and August 2, whatever else it may have been, was a splendid opportunity for young people from all over the world both to hear and make the personal acquaintance of prominent Christian personalities.

The Conference Chairman, Dr. W. A. Visser t'Hooft, fulfilled his functions with extraordinary tact and impartiality, particularly in view of his own very strong and definite views as to what the Church ought to be doing and saying at the present time. Dr. Visser t'Hooft is one of the clearest and most popular exponents of the theology of Karl Barth, and is at present privately occupied in defending Barth's recently-expressed view that the Church should be interested

not only in the religious but also in the political and even in the military struggle against German National-Socialism.

National-Socialism, in Barth's view, is 'anti-Church fundamentally hostile to Christianity' and on the political side a 'fundamental dissolution of the just state'; and the Church can only pray and work for the restoration and preservation of Church and State alike in the face of this menace to both. Like his master at Basle, Dr. Visser t'Hooft has been particularly impressed by the exposure of Nationalist-Socialist aims recently made by the former Nazi, Hermann Rauschning, in his book, *Germany's Revolution of Destruction*.

The Conference Chairman was by no means the only admirer in Amsterdam of Professor Barth, whose influence was particularly in evidence among the Dutch, Swiss and French delegates, though not all of his theological devotees were so sure about his politics. The Dutch were perhaps the most cautious on the political side, while the exiled Czechoslovakian delegates welcomed most eagerly Barth's expressions of solidarity with their own resistance to Nazism, and regretted that these expressions had not been given greater prominence at the Conference.

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, who was unfortunately at Amsterdam only for a very short time, drew attention, in a plenary address, to the danger of thinking solely in terms of 'peace' either in the industrial field or in the international. Human peace, he said, is never quite the same thing as the peace of God, but is always a compromise with injustice. Sometimes the compromise is worth making, since wars and revolutions produce at best only a relative increase in the justice in the world; but sometimes the compromise is *not* worth making. To those who had never encountered Dr. Niebuhr in person before, it was something of a revelation to observe his 'style' as a speaker. The somewhat involved and subtle sentences of his books would not lead one to expect this very energetic orator, irresistibly reminiscent of John Knox, 'like to ding the pulpit in blads', the sound of whose voice was confused rather than amplified by a microphone. It was also illuminating to notice how frequently he quoted Augustine, and what a heavy emphasis he placed on the sin that warps even the best of our actions. I doubt whether the many who accused Dr. Niebuhr of 'going Barthian' were justified, but he is saying to-day much of what Barth was saying in the earlier period when he wrote *Romans*.

A pacifist approach to the world situation was given by Dr. George Macleod, of Iona: while Pastor Elie Lauriol made a very powerful plea for remembering our economic responsibilities even when we are tempted, as we are to-day, to be completely preoccupied with international politics. This latter was the most warmly-applauded speaker at the Conference; and what he says and does is now likely to be closely watched by many people who had never heard of him before.

M. Lauriol was very difficult to fit into the pigeon-holes with which most of us were provided before we went to Amsterdam. He addressed



the special meeting of 'liberal Christians' which was held during one of the free periods; but if he was a 'liberal' he was certainly a liberal 'with a difference'. He emphasized the fact that true liberalism in theology is not a special creed to be set up in opposition to more orthodox creeds, but is rather a distinctive 'method of approach' to all creeds. Officially a minister of the French Calvinist Church, he was not afraid to quote repeatedly from a Catholic writer, Father Grary. At the same time, some of the passages in his main address would certainly have been understood and appreciated by the Reformers, with their emphasis on 'justification by faith'. 'The hungry man is not the man who has been forgotten by his Father, but the man who has been robbed by his brothers. How has this come about? Through the wickedness of man? Undoubtedly wickedness, pride, the desire to be served, the thirst for pleasure, have increased the evil. But its original source is in the lack of love towards God, which brings with it a lack of faith, and this lack of faith brings fear for the morrow. So that those who take their brothers' bread are not only the wicked, but the good, at least those "good" whom fear makes ferocious.' 'The Scripture doeth witnesse', said John Knox in his *Treatise on Predestination*, 'by what meanes Sathan first drew mankynd frome the obedience of God; To wit, by powring into their hartes that poison, that God did not love them.' The whole of M. Lauriol's contribution to the Conference might be regarded as a commentary on those words.

There was no unanimous decision among the delegates as to which viewpoint they preferred out of the many that were put before them; and in any case it was stated at the outset that there would be no attempts made to frame resolutions on public questions to be put forward as coming from the Conference as a whole. It was not an accident, however, that the group of people who found this restriction hardest to bear were a number of Americans who wanted a resolution to be passed on the subject of refugees. Few feelings were more wholeheartedly shared by the most diverse elements at Amsterdam than the feeling that, whatever our practical attitude towards German National-Socialism itself, very much more ought to be done for its victims than has hitherto been attempted either by Churches or by political authorities. Even Dr. Visser t'Hooft, with all his care to refrain from hurting the sensibilities of any minority at the Conference, did not hesitate to urge everyone to express in as concrete a way as possible their solidarity both with Christians who are being persecuted for their faith and with other victims of the anti-Christian and anti-human forces which have been let loose in our time.

ARTHUR N. PRIOR



## A POET IN SEARCH OF GOD

It is an ironic fact that one of the most widely read and discussed poets in Germany to-day is a man who was born and bred in Prague and of whom, it is rumoured, Herr Hitler keeps a sculptured bust in his room.

The popularity of this poet is the more surprising when one realizes that he was a spiritual mystic, and that his poems have a haunting cadence reminiscent of the traditional German lyric. Rainer Maria Rilke died in 1926, but he awakened, even among the militants, a deep-rooted love of tradition, or perhaps his popularity is due to his appeal to an oppressed nation. His message was an earnest attempt to solve the problem of suffering by an inner spiritual change and to philosophize on the approach to an after-life. He believed that there was a reason for everything, and that in the end everything was for the best. That is optimism in its highest form.

Rilke was a great moral influence yet he passed through a period when he challenged the adherents of established faiths, and during his antipathy towards Christianity he asserted that the Church encouraged people to neglect the outer world in favour of a future world, and that this life was a place of passage and a 'vale of tears'. It is interesting to note, however, that during this period he wrote to his mother on Christmas Eve: 'It is so truly the mystery of the kneeling, of the deeply kneeling man—the fact that he is spiritually greater than the man who stands—that is being celebrated to-night.'

The most decisive event in his life was a visit paid to Russia in company with his cousin, Lou Andreas-Salomé (who was once a friend of Nietzsche) and here he met Tolstoy. The religious strain in the people he met everywhere created a lasting impression. He was in sympathy with the works of Dostoevski and Rilke's *Studen-buch*—(*The Book of Hours*) which is one of the best works in modern German poetry, and shows a blending of art and religion, with the mark of the Russian upon it. Dostoevski cannot be said to be lyrical, but he does show a mystical fervour which Rilke transcribes into melodic beauty, equalled only by Stefan George, a poet who 'strove for perfection in metre, music, language, in all points of poetic style'. Rilke never did this, on the contrary, twenty-six of his Sonnets *To Orpheus* were written in three days 'without one word being in doubt or requiring to be altered'. 'They are, perhaps, the most mysterious, most enigmatic dictation I have ever endured or performed.' The Sonnets are the record of a vision or intuition into what the Greek philosophers called the Nature of Being. The philosopher Hegel probed into this problem and into an analysis of the Absolute, and although Rilke followed Hegel some of the way, withdrawing from worldliness, he never really found this Absolute, and consequently never attained perfect tranquillity of mind.

Refusing the administrations of Christian teachers, he started his quest for God alone. 'I circle round God, round the ageless Tower and I have been circling for thousands of years; and I don't know yet;

am I a falcon, a storm or a great melody?' And later, 'Thou seest that I am a seeker, one who walks hidden behind his own hands'.

After the War his restless search for God and his fear of the world became more serene, more or less an acceptance of God, and instead of life being reduced ultimately to death, he regarded death as a new revelation and metamorphosis, but even so, a great mystery. 'Death is when a man lives and does not know he lives, death is when he cannot die at all.' In a sonnet to Wera Knoop he said that 'Death is the continuation, the completion, even the perfection of life, not just the opposite of life'. It is hard to imagine that the man who wrote this, abandoned conventional religion. And while some modern poets seem to suggest that poetry must become our substitute for religion, or that we must find our religion in poetry, Rilke was not of this pattern. He said rather, poetry and prayer become one only when 'One-ness with Him' is achieved.

At this time, too, he wrote narrative descriptions evoking various states of mind. *Pieta* deals with Mary Magdalene's love of Christ, and *Garden of Olives* is a symbol of man's loneliness on earth. Extracts from either poem would not do justice to such moving lines. In these verses Rilke's religious ecstasy gives place to a power of concentration and a more earthly eroticism. They are described from without rather than from within. They are an unusual aspect of Rilke as poetry for him was a crystallization of inner experience. 'One should wait and collect sense and sweetness during a whole lifetime and if possible, a long one, and then, right at the end, one might perhaps be able to write ten lines that were good. For verses are not, as people suppose, feelings, they are experiences.'

Like St. Francis he was in praise of voluntary poverty which sacrifices the values of the moment to those of eternity and thought that 'nobody's position in the world is such that it may not come to be of peculiar benefit to his soul'.

This comes from a German poet who is still widely read in National-Socialist Germany, where you can yet read:

'Rulers, don't boast of the rack no longer required,  
or the iron collar torn from its task.

Not a single heart is higher because you desired  
mercy's more mildly distorting mask'.

Or perhaps these lines are forgotten and replaced by Rilke's philosophy that misfortunes are stepping-stones to higher things, and that adversity is a condition of spiritual progress.

And some find in Rilke a poet, a mystic in his search for Truth and in his search for God—a supreme optimist—'That a thing is difficult must be one more reason for us to do it'. We cannot separate Rilke from his 'dennoch preisen'—his will to persist in praising, a *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THOS. R. GILBERT

## GROUP MOVEMENTS AND THE UNTOUCHABLES

MR. GANDHI'S concern with the plight of the Untouchables has served once again to emphasize the importance of the Group Movements in South India towards Christianity. There is a growing conviction among both Indian Christians and missionaries that the Untouchables are 'on the move'. There is a deep restlessness among them. The foundations upon which the mighty edifice of Hinduism has been erected is the principle of caste. Contrary to popular opinion, this does not imply a negation of equality but the organization of inequality on the basis of heredity. Caste has sought to systematize and control the inequalities of life, so that a man remains a Brahmin because his father was a Brahmin, a trader, a washerman, or a scavenger for the same reason. It is against this system, sanctified by ancient tradition, that the outcastes of South India have set their faces. Under the influence of the gigantic changes which the advent of Western civilization heralded, classes which formerly acquiesced in disabilities and social discriminations now demand equality of status and social privilege.

There are not wanting those who see in these Group Movements of the Untouchables towards Christianity, a cunning move on the part of the British Government to strengthen its hold upon the country. Fantastic as this may sound to those who labour for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ in India, this criticism has an authentic ring of truth in the ears of many Hindus to-day.

Doctor Ambedkar, the representative of the Untouchables at the Round Table Conferences, has already declared that he will not die a Hindu. He has advised his outcaste brethren to leave Hinduism for another religion. But it has not yet been made clear where he would have them find their spiritual home. Doctor Ambedkar has in turn looked to Christianity, Islam, and Sikhism as a way out. Christianity, though poor in India, has the financial support of the faithful in such countries as England and America, and he naively adds 'Christianity has the Government behind it'. He favours Sikhism, however, because within it the Untouchables would remain in Hindu culture. On the other hand, if they went to Islam, the acquisition of sixty million people would mean Moslem domination of the country.

It is such ideas as these, which have been openly expressed in conferences and on public platforms, that clothe the Group Movements towards Christianity with political significance in the eyes of Hindus. Doctor Ambedkar's attitude constitutes in the last analysis an unspoken threat. The Hindus must receive the outcastes into their temples and treat them as men within the pale. They must give them social equality and equal religious rights if they wish them to stay within the confines of Hinduism. If not, the apostasy of sixty millions would inevitably weaken the Hindu position in the country.

Rightly or wrongly, Doctor Ambedkar is regarded as the leader of the Untouchables, and that position is for him fraught with danger and temptation. I have before me a report of a conversation which

he had with a certain missionary. In this report there is this striking paragraph. 'Were I willing', he said, 'to lead the Depressed Classes into . . . I might have had from the . . . in all probability, a large jagir (grant of land) and perhaps a ministership. If I had joined the Congress and had led the Depressed Classes into it I might have had unlimited personal advantage. Ever since I set up in my career I have had a sense of responsibility for my people, and that has kept me true. But I have no army, and if my people do not choose to go with me, then it is for them to decide.'

While the foregoing redounds to Doctor Ambedkar's honesty in the face of such temptations, his attempt to hold the Untouchables up for auction seems ridiculous to many. The Untouchables are by no means the closely linked, homogeneous body that he likes to think they are. They are a multitude of communities divided from each other by language and traditions. Within their own sphere they are as proud of their divisions as a caste man is of his caste. Thousands of them have never heard the name of Doctor Ambedkar, let alone the principles for which he stands. When a man's first experience is fear and his second hunger, he is not likely to bother much about a self-styled leader. His concern is with his immediate surroundings, and beyond these he has little interest. And when the time comes each individual group of outcastes will determine its own destiny. Mr. Rajah, who has a great following in Madras, has already said, 'We are not sheep or cattle to be bartered away in this fashion'.

But Doctor Ambedkar's appearance on the stage of Indian politics as the leader of the Untouchables is a sign rather than a cause of the agitation that disturbs the lower reaches of Indian society. For years the outcastes have been slowly but steadily advancing to the position they now occupy. Doctor Farquhar once said, 'Either through the Christian Church or some other agency there is no doubt that the outcaste must soon be freed from the cruel bondage in which Hinduism has held him these last two thousand years'. That day, heralded by past missionaries who laboured for the uplift of the outcastes before ever the names of Mr. Gandhi or Doctor Ambedkar were heard of, has now dawned upon us.

At a time when the Churches of the West are harassed by financial difficulties and weakened by divisions, God has seen fit to place this opportunity before us. Here is a challenge to the Church in India. In these last days God has filled the minds of the outcastes with a divine discontent. It is becoming increasingly clear to all who are in touch with groups of outcastes that as this discontent grows, more and more will be offering themselves to the Church for instruction. The door of opportunity in India is not just open, it is off its hinges. Can the Church in India meet this situation? Can a Church in which caste has not yet been eradicated, which is not united, successfully meet this challenge?

It can if it will. This opportunity is an imperative call for us to renew our efforts on behalf of Church Union, and thus set our own house in order. And turning towards the challenge, we must set

ourselves against taking part in this auction of souls which Doctor Ambedkar has foreshadowed. Christians in India must remain true to the verities of their faith if they are to gather this harvest. If it does not stand for social justice, for the love of the brethren and for the improvement of their lot, the Church will be held to have nothing fit to offer to the thousands who are still steeped in ignorance, fear, superstition, and degrading social conditions. But this is not its gospel. It must supply the motive to the political and social reformer, and that motive will be found in the faith by which the Church has stood for nineteen centuries of time. The task of the Church is to proclaim the Lordship of Christ over all life. We must not argue about God, we must announce His Word. Christ is that Word, the Eternal Word of God who came miraculously from without the boundaries of history into time, who stooped to our infirmities and accepted the pain and mystery of our mortality. He died and rose again, and in Him, by faith, we have redemption through His blood. 'Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.' To some it will appear charged with political significance and cunning motive; to others it will be the rock of offence and the foolishness of other-worldliness. But to us who preach it, it is the power of God unto Salvation.

WILFRED HULBERT

### THE TRAGEDY OF HUMANISM

SOME of us read very few novels indeed; not because we don't like them but because we *do*; we like them so much that we have to ration ourselves pretty strictly. All the more reason then to pick and choose rather carefully, looking for the few that seem likely to be carried safely down the stream of time instead of the many that are bound to sink to the bottom almost as soon as they are launched.

Let it be granted that a really good novel is a true reflection of the general life and thought, at any rate in one aspect. The serious novelist, therefore, has some claim to be taken seriously. Indeed, for a host of emancipated people in these days he is their pulpit, philosopher's desk and final comment on life.

For myself I find that the work of Charles Morgan lingers in the mind as an outstanding instance. It may well be that in his three novels, *Portrait in a Mirror*, *The Fountain*, and *Sparkenbroke*, the best that modern Humanism can say for itself will be found. And modern Humanism, vast and vague, beautiful and terrible, is something to be reckoned with. Like the men and women of the fifteenth century in Italy we find ourselves involved in a real Renaissance, a re-birth of the spirit of man as man, a fresh and vivid awareness of, and response to, the glory and glamour of man and his wonderful world.

We are creatures of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering also and tears.

Charles Morgan, in his beautiful luminous prose, gives us one study after another of the artist-philosopher, the dream-haunted visionary, saturated with Neoplatonism and responding in every fibre of his being to the beauty and grace of human life. Yet, like the rest of us, he is confronted by the frustrations of life, the inexorable demands of the moral order, the ceaseless struggle against the mere life of the senses,

the fierce dispute  
Betwixt hell torment and impassion'd clay.

Still he holds to it that the artist exists in his own right; for him the essence of Art is that it is a kind of self-authenticating vision of the world within the world. Or, one might call him a bringer of news from a far country; his message can only be given in his own language, the language of that country.

The part played by the woman in each of these three studies is all-important; she is the 'soul-mate', young, beautiful, and gifted. In each study there is the same note struck, the same long-drawn struggle between the ideal and the real. The artist-philosopher, mastered by that feeling of subtle affinity, convinces himself that without her he can never be keyed up to the highest pitch of which he is capable. Hence the tears and the tragedy as this spiritual drama works itself out. One is reminded of George Meredith:

These two were rapid falcons in a snare,  
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat . . .  
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,  
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.

It is this deep questioning that probes beneath mere conventional morality, down to the very nature of things. 'Love's a mighty lord,' and the artist feels that he must submit to that lordship in order to fulfil his true mission. And yet—there is the deeper frustration, some hidden 'check' that gradually reveals itself. Most of us would call it the point of honour—'I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honour more'.

Now the hero—and perhaps the author himself—would regard this as a very naïve solution. He may also think he is wise enough to leave the philosophical problem alone. But the final issue is there, and the Christian working-philosophy of life is the only adequate answer. 'Art for Art's sake' will not do; Charles Morgan and his heroes know quite well that the puerilities of 'ivory towers' and charmed 'worlds within the world' are no longer impressive to serious minds to-day. 'Art for Life's sake' must be the final criterion. The real value of any work—book, picture, poem, will be determined in the long run by the attitude it adopts towards life as a whole.

For this very reason, then, we consider that the work of this writer is notable precisely because it is a sincere and high-minded effort to achieve this, a final working-philosophy of life. He does succeed in suggesting once more that eternal contrast between two ways of life. On the one hand there is mere Humanism, with all its glory and grace



(but finally with 'the worm at the heart of the rose'), and on the other, the way of the patient Man of Sorrows. The real failure of Humanism is that it cannot be human enough; if only it would go on and go deeper, then it might consent to be redeemed by the way of the Cross. In which case it would learn the real meaning, Christ's meaning, of 'human'. Christian Humanism is the only possible ideal, the kind of life which is redeemed and glorified just because it accepts the touch of the Divine Artist upon every part of life.

One of our modern prophets has said that Christianity was founded by a Poet who tamed the hearts of men by His beauty. The humanist might well begin there. He would then go on to learn who He is and what He can do with those who obey. Only thus can we achieve the supreme ideal for which we all long, artist and saint, philosopher and way-faring man,

The richer life, where Beauty  
Walks hand in hand with Duty.

CHARLES GIMBLETT



# Editorial Comments

## WHY?

It is difficult to begin to write these lines and to remember that the world is plunged again into war. There is an air of unreality which it is still almost impossible to banish. Perhaps it is that in many minds there was an obstinate conviction that someone would find a way out. That this did not happen was certainly the immediate responsibility of one man. He has assumed the title of Leader yet he has no real qualities of leadership. Amazing powers of concentration—so frequently an accompaniment of insanity—have produced a tragic and spectacular result. Peace-loving nations have been horrified, and some of them, mindful of the future of civilization and confident of the divine purpose, have made the supreme sacrifice. The situation, however, is not the creation of a moment or, we think, in the last analysis, of an individual. As Mr. H. G. Wells suggests, in *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, the insanity of Hitler met some necessities of German circumstance. 'It happened that he supplied just the inflexible spear-head, the inhuman pertinacity, required to give extreme expression to the feeling of a humiliated and outrageously treated people.' He believes that the conditions for an explosion existed because a vast number of young Germans had no reasonable hope of life. This view of the post-war generation is confirmed by Hans Fallada's *Little Man, what now?* How far the rest of the world failed to realize or acknowledge this in the early years after Versailles is a debatable point. There can, however, be no question that for a very long time the best statesmanship of Europe has been striving to discover a solution to the problem created. The difficulty has not been to find the requisite formula so much as to find a basis of good faith, without which treaties or even preliminary invitations to conferences are impossible.

The exploitation of the Nordic legend, the attempt to de-Christianize the German people, and to impose a conception of Wotan or Thor as deities invoking a bloodthirsty doctrine of conquest by force has bolstered up the Nazi régime. How long this will last remains to be seen. For the moment Europe is faced by this spectacle of a people blinded and deafened by a group of men with 'gangster' methods, and unable yet to form a clear judgement or afraid to express the doubts within their minds. Though the militarized youth are probably united in the first frenzy of war, we believe that this too will pass.

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## WHITHER?

It is impossible to estimate the extent or power of Social Democracy in the Reich. It would be absurd to build too optimistically on its immediate operation. At the same time the following manifesto is the most significant thing which has happened since the declaration

of war. This fearless expression of opinion and policy, coupled with the fact that within the Reich there are many millions of Czechs, Austrians and Slovaks, makes one wonder whether the end of Hitlerism will not come through internal revolution more quickly even, than by the irresistible pressure which will be exerted on the Western Front.

This is the official manifesto issued by the Social Democratic Party of Germany, said to represent 4,500,000 people.

With Hitler's criminal attack war has begun. In this historic moment, the executive of the German Social Democratic Party appeals to the German people and to the whole world. It is the last body which was elected by the Social Democratic mass organizations in Germany itself. It speaks for the party, and beyond the party, for that section of the German people which hates war and dictatorship, and whose aim is to live in peace and freedom.

The whole weight of guilt for his monstrous crime against peace and humanity rests on Hitler and his system. The destruction of freedom and the disturbance of world peace was, from the outset, the sum and substance of National-Socialist policy. The fall of Hitler is, therefore, the aim for which we shall fight, together with all the democratic forces in Europe. Hitler and the new German militarism are one. The defeat and final overthrow of this militarism are the prerequisites for the peace and reorganization of Europe. As a force allied with all the opponents of Hitler who are fighting for freedom and civilization in Europe, our efforts in the war will be directed to this end.

We are waging this war for the German people and for the great goal of safeguarding liberty, peace, and democracy in Europe. We appeal to the German people: Fight for your freedom! Get rid of Hitler! The overthrow of the system will shorten the war, preserve millions of lives, and save the nation!

Hitler's policy is not the fulfilment of national needs. It is a relapse into the superstition that the future and wellbeing of a people depends on the conquest of territory. A peace which will make good the acts of aggression committed by Hitler, put an end to all totalitarian systems and dictatorships, and restore justice and liberty to the German people and all oppressed peoples, is the aim of our policy. To overthrow the guilty, so that the peaceful reconstruction of Europe may begin, is the necessity of the hour. With this goal before us we are fighting for peace, freedom, and bread!

The Executive of the Social Democratic Party of Germany.

Presidents:

(Signed) OTTO WELS, HANS VOGEL.

## RENAISSANCE?

As the ordinary man, unwilling to become an amateur politician, looks at the present situation he is more perplexed than he has ever been. There is no doubt in his mind as to the righteousness of the cause to which England is pledged, but he is staggered that it is possible for nations to adopt an easy neutrality in face of so direct a challenge to our common civilization. Notwithstanding his astonishment, he is preparing, without argument, to offer his all that this evil thing may be destroyed, and the world be restored once more to freedom and sanity. In short, deep down in his heart, is an unshaken belief in moral and spiritual values. Though he does not move easily amongst the diplomatic shadows or ideological controversies he is conscious of an ultimate rightness for which he is prepared to live and, if need be, to die. He is no longer a materialist—if he ever was one at heart.

There is ample scope in present circumstance to make it easy for Mr. Wells to be a pessimist. Invention and science, he says, have altered man's material environment, and our new powers and con-

trivances 'are hurting and frustrating us increasingly. They are proving dangerous and devastating in our eager but unprepared hands'. With our present mental equipment we are unable to control the present situation. In a grim sentence in his latest book he says, 'Mankind which began in a cave and behind a wind-break will end in the disease-soaked ruins of a slum', unless there be a mental renaissance. We do not believe that such a fate will befall mankind, because we believe in the invincibility of Love. The story of the human race, with all its tragic chapters, points to the final supremacy of spiritual forces and we do not agree that the madness of one man or the stupidity of many can overcome the purposes of God. Neither do we believe that mental rebirth, even though it produce what has been called 'world unity', would avert the kind of disaster Mr. Wells fears. That this hour of the world's sore travail may precede a spiritual birth we firmly assert. It is no mere material value for which the common people of our land are offering their all. They are sacrificing everything they possess that they may secure for mankind the things of the spirit which alone matter.

Let us take heart in this tremendous hour. Mankind will not perish with the beasts, but from this fiery trial will rise re-born to new realization of divine sonship and to a clearer vision of the far-off goal.

The present number has been produced under considerable difficulty. We cannot guarantee the immediate future but our policy will be to publish the Review whenever possible. Nor do we feel that it will fulfil its function by attempting to confine its articles to matters concerned with the present European situation. We shall therefore try, as circumstances permit, to include, amongst our contents, not only authoritative discussions of contemporary problems but also contributions of general interest in the development of that Christian culture which is essential to the rebirth of our civilization. If there is delay or temporary suspension of publication we feel sure our readers will accept the situation, and remain loyal in their support through this time of testing.

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### A TRUE THRILLER.

And now for some suggestions for reading in war-time. There are many people, hard-pressed and anxious, who will welcome the right book for the unexpected hour of relaxation. It was my good fortune, a few weeks ago, to come across a volume of adventure which once more justified the belief that truth is stranger than fiction. In *Ten Years Under the Earth*, Norbert Casteret, the brilliant French explorer and archaeologist, describes his discoveries in the caverns, grottoes and subterranean rivers of Europe. His first great triumph was accomplished in the cavern of Montespan (Haute-Garonne) in 1923, when he found what he claims to be the oldest statues in the world. After a series of amazing adventures, swimming against the current in a completely submerged tunnel, he reached a cave—perhaps a

prehistoric sanctuary of the Magdalenian era—where he discovered fifty engravings of prehistoric animals 'deeply incised in the walls by means of flint gravers'. More important still, were thirty specimens of clay modelling, probably twenty thousand years old. Amongst them is a headless cave-bear, crouching on a small platform and facing the entrance. The patina covers the cut of the neck, proving that the statue never had a head. The skull of a small bear lying near indicated the fact that a real head was fastened to the statue by a peg protruding from the neck. Remnants of the peg were also visible. The body of the statue was riddled with round holes, obviously made by spears hurled at vital parts.

After describing some of his major discoveries, and holding us spell-bound as we read of descents into caverns with underground glaciers, of the finding of the source of the Garonne, and almost incredible journeys into the depths of the earth, M. Casteret explains the significance of his investigations. We learn much about the flora and fauna of caves, about underground hydrogeology and subterranean physics but, most fascinating of all, we enter vast primitive temples where prehistoric men and women lived their twilight lives and stretched out their hands, groping maybe for a god. In this connexion the fearless explorer attempts to evolve some most interesting theories. His chapters on 'Magic in Prehistoric Times' and on the 'Phantom Hands of Gargas' are particularly fascinating. Perhaps no one has discovered so much evidence that waits to be collated and interpreted as this intrepid Frenchman.

Let us take one example—the headless bear of Montespan. The ceremonial of the prehistoric Magdalenian hunters is described. It is contended that they killed the beasts in effigy before they set out on the real hunt. This, says M. Casteret, explains the holes caused by the javelins hurled at the clay statue. There is, we feel, another explanation possible. When your life depends on the prowess of the hunters, youth must be trained. Here, in this great cave, the safe abode of the little community, is a clay reproduction of the bear they hunt. Its measurements are 43 inches long by 23½ inches high. Is it not probable that this was the apparatus of the training-ground for the young hunter? With the gory head of a real bear pegged to the clay body to challenge them the youth might perfect their skill as they hurled their hunting spears at the target. One offers this as a suggestion rather than a criticism, for M. Casteret has given at least one of his readers a book of thrilling interest which was a welcome diversion and a stimulus to thought.

The production of the volume is excellent, and it is illustrated by unique underground photographs. The English edition, translated and edited by Barrows Mussey is worthy of a book which will be particularly welcome under present circumstances.

*Ten Years Under the Earth*, N. Casteret. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 12s. 6d.)

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Here are a few titles of books which are worth reading. First, there is a delightful study of the personality and work of Rabindranath Tagore written by Professor V. Lesny. It has been approved by Tagore, himself, in a personal letter in which he says, 'It is nothing short of miraculous how in short time you have entered into the spirit of the Bengali language and my writings. I have never seen such strong critical ability in any other foreigner'. The book is commended by C. F. Andrews who says, 'It has not been merely written by a scholar in his study; it springs out of the living experience of the writer, who has actually resided at Satiniketan'. The spaciousness of Tagore, especially in those poems written in deep humility wherein he finds, like the ancients, that God stoops to become his Friend, helps us to break the bondage of this present hour. 'If this door of my heart is ever closed, then come into my heart by breaking the door and do not go back, O Lord!'—Those lines from Naibedya might well become our prayer.

If you can find time and the mood to read a modern work by a provocative young writer you would enjoy Philip Henderson's *The Poet and Society*. He will probably exasperate you, particularly by some of his judgements of the work of T. S. Eliot but his detailed analysis of the message of the greater poets of to-day has the quality of independent criticism and is, in itself, stimulating. When a man begins by saying 'Criticism . . . is based ultimately upon the value we attach to life' one is prepared to read what he has to say. Strangely enough, it was that sentence which made us finally reject his verdict.

In an entirely different class is a book by Olive Wyon, entitled *Radiant Freedom*. It is the story of Emma Pieczynska, a French-Swiss girl who, after her marriage, lived in Poland for a time. Her spiritual struggles, fought out in bitter circumstance, brought to her a spiritual awakening. She has a certain affinity with the medieval saints, and her later years, spent in Switzerland, were devoted to moral and social crusading. The book is fresh and the setting unusual.

For those who are prepared to begin a study of Puritanism in New England we suggest *The Puritans* by Perry Miller and Thomas H. Johnson. The editors have selected their material wisely and the book is well-documented. They let the Puritans speak for themselves, preparing us to receive their message by a competent introduction. The selections illustrate the political and religious thought of Puritan New England, and there are interesting groups of extracts dealing with literary and educational theory of the period. The work has been carefully done and the book is more readable than most volumes of the kind.

In conclusion, when the hunger of your heart cries out for the deeper satisfactions you will find them in Lorne Cornish's sincere and beautiful book, *When Day was Now Breaking*. It has already brought to many a benediction.

This is a strangely diverse selection of books chosen as they stood from a war-time shelf, yet most of them looking beyond the hour towards the things which remain unshaken and eternal.

LESLIE F. CHURCH

*Rabindranath Tagore*, Prof. V. Lesny. (George Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.)

*The Poet and Society*, Philip Henderson. (Secker & Warburg, 7s. 6d.)

*Radiant Freedom*, Olive Wyon. (Lutterworth Press, 3s. 6d.)

*The Puritans*, Miller and Johnson. (George Allen & Unwin, 16s.)

*When Day was now Breaking*, W. Lorne Cornish. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

## Ministers in Council

AT THE time of their reporting, secretaries of Study Circles were earnestly hoping, in common with us all, that no international upheaval would intervene. But now all is flux, till peace again dawns.

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OLD HARTLEIANS' CLUB, BIRMINGHAM. The Rev. L. Emerson, the secretary, reports that this group had an excellent session last winter, the attendance averaging sixteen. The new session is due to commence on September 8 and the closing meeting is planned for May 10. The Rev. J. T. Bell has been appointed Chairman for the year, and it has been decided to take the Epistle to the Romans with Dr. C. H. Dodd's commentary for morning studies. In the afternoons four of Shakespeare's plays will fall for discussion, namely, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Othello*. The subject of the Anglican Doctrine of the Lord's Supper is to be considered under the leadership of the Rev. L. Robinson. Dr. Howard and Dr. Bett have kindly promised to visit this Circle on November 10 and April 12 respectively.

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THE POLYGON, SCUNTHORPE. The Rev. T. Dale states that this Study Circle continues to meet quarterly at the home of the Rev. D. T. Hatfield. The gatherings have been extremely enjoyable and have proved the aptness of the name of the circle, as the discussions have been so many sided. For the morning meetings last year the text book was *The Meaning of Paul for Today*, by Dr. C. H. Dodd. For three afternoon meetings, Dr. Newton Flew's *Jesus and His Church* was the subject of study. On the fourth afternoon the Rev. Enoch Goldthorpe gave an interesting essay on 'The Art of Clear



Thinking'. The book to be studied during the new session will be *Essays in Christian Thinking*, by Dr. A. T. Cadoux.

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**MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.** Under Methodist Union there are now two Ministerial Associations, one for the Manchester Districts and the other named the North West Area Association, taking in the Merseyside and adjacent localities with the Isle of Man. For seven years they have had most happy gatherings in their separate spheres. At the April meeting of the North West Association in Blackpool the suggestion of having some united meetings was mooted, and the idea being favoured, a Committee of officers of both Associations was formed to draft a programme. The Rev. T. Hacking kindly informs me that it is hoped now to have meetings at Preston on May 28, 29 and 30, 1940. All details are not at the moment complete, but one feature of the sessions will be an address by Dr. Howard on the Fourth Gospel. From the intimations received there is every indication that 'Preston 1940' will constitute a landmark in the history of Northern Associations. It is interesting to recall that under Primitive Methodism the whole of this area was served by one Ministerial Association. Those who had the privilege of belonging to it will remember its virile character, modern outlook and eager discussions. Here the newest views in theology, Biblical criticism and philosophy were canvassed and appraised. It is refreshing to have continued evidence of the vigour with which the Association fellowship is being fostered on this historic ground.

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**A FREE CHURCHMAN—UNASHAMED.** At a time when some Free Churchmen are apologetic for the faith that is—or should be—in them, there is tonic quality in coming within range of the sturdy convictions of a doughty Nonconformist who glories in his Free-churchmanship. Those who have not as yet read anything from the pen of Mr. Bernard L. Manning, M.A., may be grateful for the recommendation to make his acquaintance. But first as to his credentials. At Cambridge Mr. Manning took a First Class in the Historical Tripos. He is a Fellow, Senior Tutor and Lecturer of Jesus College, Cambridge. His father was a Congregational minister and he has several times been a speaker at the meetings of the Congregational Union. His views may be found stated in his *Essays on Orthodox Dissent* (Independent Press, 5s.). There can also be obtained separately *The Reformation*—a reprint of an address given before the Congregational Union (6d.) and *Why not Abandon the Church?* (2s. 6d.; paper 1s. 6d.).

In one of his talks to young people he dealt one by one with alleged reasons put forward for not joining the church. On the theory that Karl Marx has exploded religion, he retorts, 'You can't scare me about religion by saying that capitalism must go. Christianity flourished here long before capitalism was thought of. . . . "Take Russia" they say. Well, take it. And if you know anything of the medieval and



modern history of east and west Europe, you will not be misled by false parallels and bogus dilectic'. On the Anglo-Catholic teaching about Apostolic Succession, he has a plain word for youth. 'This notion of tracing a connection right back to the apostles and our Lord Himself through bishops is a double mistake. (1) It is a mistake to think of Christianity in so mechanical a way. (2) It is a mistake in historical scholarship. No such direct line from bishops to apostles can be proved. There are bad gaps in it, and the nearer you get to the apostles and our Lord (where it matters most) the worse the gaps become. . . . It is not the ministry—whether with or without bishops—which guarantees the Word and the Sacraments. It is the Word and the Sacraments, given by Christ, which guarantee the ministry.' On the taunt that Nonconformists are schismatics and must go back to an episcopal church in order to get into the true fold and the one flock, Mr. Manning replies, 'There is now, as there always has been, one Church. It is like a river which has been divided into several streams as it has come down the ages. . . . But it is simply bunkum to pretend that all the original water is now in one stream'.

When Anglo-Catholics are claiming superiority over Free Churchmen in matters of worship, and grounding this on their return to pre-Reformation forms, it is interesting to hear what Mr. Manning has to say. 'Recently', he writes, 'I attended a parish church. At that church they claim (I believe with justice) to celebrate High Mass as it was celebrated in England on the eve of the Reformation, changing only the Latin into English. . . . What appeared to be most important was not . . . the resurrection of the Son of God, but the coronation of His Mother. . . . For the rest there was much singing, much censing, much lighting of candles, much moving about, some beautiful and many unbeautiful vestments. But as the supreme event in history, the Resurrection, was obscured by a trivial event in legend, the coronation of the Virgin, so Word and Sacrament were obscured by accessories'. Concerning such a pre-Reformation service, he asks, 'What did the Reformers do to that service? They brushed aside the accessories which hid the main matter. They reformed public worship so as to bring into prominence—what? the Word itself and the Sacrament itself'.

But with all this warm-hearted rejoicing in the positive inheritance of Free Churchmen from the Reformation, Mr. Manning sees wherein lurk perils to our faith and practice, and as a candid friend can speak in searching fashion. What he has already written has attracted marked attention, and that not merely in Free Church circles, and what he has yet to give to us will be awaited with expectancy.

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LEARN'T IN WAR TIME. Those who remember Miss Muriel Lester's *Ways of Praying*, first published in 1931 and which has since passed into several editions, will be interested to learn something of the genesis of the devotional habits which she there so persuasively delineates, backed up by her own experience, and in particular of what she terms

'The Prayer of Relaxation'. The Student Christian Movement have now issued her autobiography under the title of *It Occurred to Me* and there the story peeps out in one of the early chapters. For some time prior to the outbreak of war in 1914 Miss Lester had been engaged in voluntary social work in the East End of London. This had grown upon her until finally in Bow her father bought for her a disused chapel which then, under the name of Kingsley Hall, became the centre for all her activities in the neighbourhood. Too intense application, however, at last brought on serious heart trouble. For eight months she was under a doctor. Twice a week a masseuse attended her, who at last said her temperament was against her—she enjoyed things too much—and she would never recover. When that ultimatum was given, she went out into the garden to face up to the situation in an agony of darkness. The thought which came as a clue to her in search for relief was that she had got unhitched somehow from the divine source of strength and serenity. 'Somewhere I had read that the power and life-giving qualities of the great Gulf Stream can flow through the channel of a single straw if the straw is set in the right direction. I must realise that with every breath I drew I was actually breathing in the spirit of God. His great creative spirit was also the re-creative spirit.' She then herself devised as a spiritual exercise the Prayer of Relaxation. The full description can be read in chapter six of *It Occurred to Me* or in chapter five of *Ways of Praying*. Briefly it consisted in giving an hour each day to perfect relaxing of every muscle, as in the presence of God the life-giver. 'After half an hour or so, when serenity and a sense of well-being are established, you can begin to utilise the new force. Quietly, rhythmically, to match your breathing, such words as these may repeat themselves in your mind:

"Breathe on me, Breath of God . . ."

On that discovery she has since maintained a most strenuous life. . . . And that discovery was made in war time!

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I shall be glad to receive further reports and also comments on any subject suitable for these columns.

W. E. FARNDAL

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Lincoln.

# Recent Literature

## THEOLOGY

*Two Bookes of Constance written in Latine by Justus Lipsius, Englished by Sir John Stradling*, edited with an introduction by Rudolf Kirk; notes by Clayton Morris Hall. (Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, New Jersey, MCMXXXIX.)

This handsome volume makes Stradling's rare and costly translation of Lipsius's *De Constantia* available for the first time to the ordinary student.

The Elizabethan age produced a unique crop of translation. Although Stradling's version does not rival such masterpieces as North's *Plutarch*, Lodge's *Seneca* or Florio's *Montaigne*, it is full of that splendour blended with homeliness characteristic of the gentleman-scholar of the time. The sixteenth century saw a remarkable revival of stoicism both in England and on the Continent. The moral works of Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Plutarch and Cicero gained an immense vogue.

Frantic revolutions in Church and State, culminating in savage civil and religious wars, drove men to embrace the philosophy which taught self-mastery, contempt of fortune and indifference to suffering. This Neo-stoicism found particularly congenial soil in England and has remained a vital element in our national character. Lipsius, the Belgian scholar, is quite another matter. There was little of the natural stoic about him. He longed to be left to his books, his dogs, his garden of tulips. The civil wars coupled with the Spanish invasion quite undermined his resolution. This hyper-sensitive man, reared and educated a Catholic, became in turn a Lutheran (at Jena), then a Calvinist (at Leyden), finally a Jesuit (at Mainz). Too weak to stand by his principles, too intelligent to be indifferent to his inconsistencies, he tried to find an anchorage in Stoicism. As Nietzsche compensated himself for his invalidism by dreaming of the Superman, so Lipsius struck the attitude of heroic impassivity as a sort of expiation for his humiliating inconstancy.

Those who can—do; those who cannot—teach! The paradox is common enough. Lipsius's very inability to live Stoicism sharpened his insight and increased its fascination for him. A man of so variable a nature was an apt subject for satire. Sturdy Bishop Hall (1609) describing the newly-discovered land of *Fooliana the Fickle*, told of 'certaine old coins' on which the inhabitants had commemorated their own character. On one of these coins was engraved a man 'in a gowne, seeming to be of a middle age, leaning his right hand

upon the head of a little prettie dogge, and holding in the left hand a booke; on the other side was a *Chamaeleon* enameled in all her altering colours, and over her, these wordes "*Const. Lips*"!'

Poor Lipsius! His *De Constantia* was no academic exercise. The book sprang from an anguished spirit desperately in need of inward strength. Published in 1584 it went through more than eighty editions in the next three centuries and was translated into all the languages of Europe.

*The Living God.* By Nathan Söderblom. (Oxford University Press. 5s.)

Nathan Söderblom, late Archbishop of Upsala, was a recognized authority in the realm of Comparative Religion. Appointed Gifford Lecturer for 1931-2, he died after delivering the first series of lectures. They were published posthumously, and are here reprinted in the Oxford Bookshelf.

In them he traced the efforts of man in religion through the primitive systems of training, asceticism and intoxication, the perfection of psychological asceticism in the method of Yoga, the philosophical contemplation of Jinism and Hinayana, the devotion and love in Bhakti, the 'salvation-fact' of Mahayana and the development of Bhakti in Buddhism with its devotion to Amitabha the merciful Father; through the positive religion of Good Thought and co-operation with Ahura Mazdah of Zarathushtra, the calm trust of Socrates in his 'daimonion' and the Mosaic certainty of the Ever-present and Terrible God who revealed Himself in history.

Throughout the ages man had striven after God, but the summit of religion was reached only when God revealed Himself in the person of Jesus Christ, His Son. The Cross is the crucial point of history. There God is revealed as seeking man.

Söderblom laid continual stress on the 'given-ness' of religious experience. Religion, he emphasizes, is at its highest in that fellowship which man of himself cannot achieve but which God freely gives.

These lectures combine a scholar's exactness with profound historical learning and psychological insight. The book is throughout richly illustrated with quotations from original sources.

*Essays in Orthodox Dissent.* By Bernard L. Manning. (Independent Press. 5s.)

The title of Mr. Manning's book, *Essays in Orthodox Dissent*, gives the impression of a contradiction in terms. He therefore seeks to define his theme. Orthodox Dissent is the name which distinguished those Dissenters who resisted Arian and Socinian tendencies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It indicates a definite and positive attitude both to doctrine and to ecclesiastical rites. Orthodox Dissent has its foundation not in political opinions but on the Word and the Sacraments. In the light of this definition these essays are luminous. They are like the facets of a gem, they reflect the multi-colours of truth

because of the angle of their setting. The first three, given in 1927, 1932 and 1938 respectively, show the author's purpose and personality as developed in that period. The essays have a charm in style and are radiant with shrewd comment. The first essay is on Christian Experience through the Centuries, and like the two that follow was delivered before the Congregational Union Assembly. Mr. Manning discusses the nature and sources rather than the effects of Christian Experience in the light of a concrete individual experience of God. This is part of an historical religion subject to the ebb and flow of historical circumstance, and is based on the historical Christ. It is centred on the Cross, and brings a sense of peace, joy and more than conquering to a distraught world because of a faith that the Jesus of Galilee is the Redeemer of mankind. This experience is made vivid, universal and continuous in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The second essay on *The Witness of History to the Power of Christianity* was given five years later. The support which we can expect from history for any of our opinions is a very limited one. Any attempt to show that history gives palpable evidence of the triumph of a particular cause, is a forlorn task. Such an effort seeks to link in this sphere the Divine strength with party victory. History witnesses to the weakness of Christ as well as to His power. If we argue that Christianity has worked successfully on a large and increasing scale, much the same can be said of Mohammedanism and Communism. It is not enough to say a belief satisfies, it is essential to know who it satisfies. Yet history has a place in the Christian apologetic for it witnesses to the triviality of much that obscures the great things, even those thought in every generation to be fatal to Christian belief. History does bear witness to the strange power of the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ to bring men to God. The light that comes from His name gives a unique historical distinction to the Christian centuries and to Christian believers. History provides a temper and a mood in which it is natural to believe that God does reveal Himself in very man, in Christ Jesus our Lord. The author's third essay is on *The Reformation and the Free Churches*, and was delivered at Bradford last year. It states the attempt made by the Church in Reformation days to discharge its unchanging task by removing from the Christian scene many things which obscured the vital things and by laying a new emphasis on the essentials. Thus saints' days disappeared, the eight alleged sacraments became two, Mariolatry ceased, rites which hid the true light were abolished, the pulpit came to its own and the Bible into the hands of the people. The Reformers rescued the Church and churchmanship from oblivion and although they did not preach a new age of the Spirit they welcomed the constant truth whereby the Holy Spirit reveals the things of Christ. The Reformation heritage is imperilled in Free Churches to-day because the Word and the Sacraments are neglected in their life. These three essays are typical of the whole series, and reveal the method of the author. A careful survey of his arguments will challenge the Church in general and Congregationalism in particular to a return to the old loyalties, to the vital things that abide, and to press

forward to the goal of world redeemed by a living Lord. The author's rapier thrusts and fearless comments based on careful observation compel earnest attention.

*On Roman Roads With St. Paul.* By R. Martin Pope. (Epworth Press. 6s.)

To a former generation Ramsay and Deissmann brought Paul to life out of the clouds in which his personality had been so long obscured. But not all to-day have the opportunity of studying these larger books. And while there are many modern books, the authors of which have tried to make Paul and his travel-companions live again, very few of the writers are so well equipped as Mr. Martin Pope for the task. Mr. Pope has been for many years well known as a Classical and a New Testament scholar: and therefore, when, some twenty years ago, he travelled along the Roman roads so familiar to Paul he saw far more than the journalist or the tourist could see. In this book, *On Roman Roads with St. Paul*, written in vivid style, with the ease of one who is the master of his subject, the author combines his wide knowledge of the Roman world with spiritual insight into the mind of the Apostle, so that the general reader, as well as the theological student, will find in it a most instructive guide to the Acts of the Apostles. Many excellent photographs add to the interest of the reader, and the Epworth Press is to be congratulated upon persuading Mr. Pope to write it, and upon the form in which it is produced.

*When Day was Now Breaking.* By W. Lorne Cornish. (Epworth Press 5s. net.)

'Out of the strong came forth sweetness,' and the Rev. W. Lorne Cornish, from the rough and tumble of the regular ministry, sends forth a book of sermons that will bring to what should be a large circle of readers something of the calm and hope of a new morning following a dream-tortured night. More than most books it will live up to its title. There is no straining for unusual texts and titles; indeed, these are all the familiarities of faith. But new corn comes springing up out of the old fields as we read. None who study the middle four sermons will ever be able again to regard with unnoticing indifference the simple words of Mark, 'Jesus came into Galilee'. Probably they will also not be able to forget the clean, swift picture drawn by Mr. Cornish of the dayspring out of which the Man of the Morning comes to us.

Browning may not be the optimist and the religious poet that those of a former day, who were anxious about the reasonableness of religion, once persuaded us he was. But it is grateful to meet him once again in the last exposition of this volume. Though no words can be as beautiful as those quoted from St. John, it was worth digging out of the obscurity of 'Pauline', 'I look to thee and trust in thee as in a northern night one looks alway to the East for morn and



spring and joy'. This admirably illustrates the central theme that God who first broke silence by saying 'Let there be light' does now in Christ wait to 'put out the dark' of sin and sorrow.

*Religion for Living.* By Bernard Iddings Bell. (The Religious Book Club. 7s. 6d.)

This is stirring up-to-the-minute American authorship. The writer is most sure as to what he wants to say, and for him, it is quite plain, it is what needs saying above all else. This lack of any doubt as to what religion must mean for the modern, or rather the post modernist, gives a refreshing forcefulness throughout. It is the forthright writing of one with strong convictions on most things. The prelude is devoted to a declaration of what the post modernist is not and thereby sets forth what he is. The book is packed with strong statements of Christian truth to applaud, and not a few that will find equally strong disagreement. No reader could ever suspect, in the perusal of the first hundred pages, that the next section on the Church would reveal an ultra high Churchman, and would be forthwith treated to views on the meaning of the Church packed with controversial matter. It is asserted that the clergy in large numbers do not even know what the accepted principles of Christianity are. If God is to be loved He must be localized. It is Jesus present on His altar that matters. There must be for this writer a complete sacramental system, beginning with God localized in the water of Baptism; Jesus localized in the priest for forgiveness; and in the hands of the Bishop, Jesus localized to give the gift of the Spirit in confirmation and ordination. On the Sunday School judgement is passed as on an obsolescent institution, proved in the author's mind by the fact that those who sit in the pews and listen seem to have next to no knowledge of what Christianity is, or what they are to do about it. There are, notwithstanding all this, really great chapters on God in Christ; Forgiveness and Grace; Prayer. The book is packed with serious thought, and is meant to be, and is, a serious book. There is a quality about it that will stir the blood of the intelligent reader. On the practical side of the matter of this volume Dr. Bell writes out of a wide experience, he is Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Providence, U.S.A.

*The Methodist Doctrine of the Church.* By Edgar W. Thompson, M.A. (Epworth Press. 1s. 6d.)

Few people do much thinking upon the principles by which they live unless the circumstances of practical life demand it. The pacifist issue, for instance, did not much perturb the majority of Christians until the Great War thrust it upon them. Similarly, while a certain doctrine of the Church has long been implicit in Methodism, the majority of Methodists have not usually given it much attention. Now, however, through the widespread search for Christian Re-union, all Christians need to do some clear thinking on this doctrine. In the discussions on Re-union it was some time ago suggested that it would be helpful

if each Church were to offer to other Churches some authoritative statement of its own beliefs about the closely related subjects of the Church, the Ministry and the Sacraments. So far only the Methodists have responded. In 1937 the Conference adopted a statement on 'The Nature of the Christian Church'. The statement seeks to serve two purposes at once—to inform the representatives of other Churches, and to instruct 'our own people'. This means that the statement is addressed both to experts and to non-experts, and it is difficult to serve both at once. There was need that some exposition of the document should be offered to the non-expert Methodist. Rev. Edgar W. Thompson has written a short book that seeks to explain the statement to 'the lay pastors of the Methodist Church' and to its 'young men and women', and the task could not have fallen into better hands. His book is both brief, comprehensive and clear, and the seeming ease with which he has accomplished his task is only one proof of the skill with which he has overcome great difficulties. It is inevitable that here and there some would have stated the case rather differently, but such passages are few, and there is always much to be said for the author's own perspective. It is to be hoped that the book will find many readers. Is eighteenpence too much to spend upon a book on so pressing a theme?

One or two notes on particular points may be made. Perhaps the writer does not do full justice to the claim made in the statement that, in spite of the divided state of Christendom, it is still true that all the Churches 'are already one in Christ Jesus; they have not to create that unity; it is there; and it is the gift of God'. Again, it might have been emphasized that Wesley reached his final doctrine of the Church at least as early as 1757. The Church, again, has as often been the servant as the 'mistress' of the State. One of the outstanding merits of the book is the way in which it gathers different accounts of the Church under similar phrases—'Where is Christ, there is the Church', 'Where is the Spirit, there is the Church', 'Where is the Bishop, there is the Church', 'Where is the Word, there is the Church', 'Where is the Work, there is the Church'. Controversy, of course, falls under the third statement. Near the end of the book Mr. Thompson says that the Methodist Conference 'has yet to declare its belief about all that is implied in the oneness of Christ's Church—the One Body'. Perhaps he has here particularly in mind the question: 'Can Anglo-Catholics and Methodists unite?' If any Methodist wishes to answer this difficult question intelligently, he needs first to ponder the principles that Mr. Thompson so ably expounds.

*The Holy Spirit and the Church.* By Canon Cockin. (Student Christian Movement Press. The Diocesan Series. 2s. 6d.)

Canon Cockin's book will admirably fulfil its purpose to convert readers from the neglect of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit; which neglect is not rendered less harmful by its easy admission as a commonplace. Indeed, if the book only hands on to others the impression

that the author feels he owes to a series of addresses by the present Bishop of Stepney, an impression of the massiveness of the New Testament's evidence of the Spirit and behind that recorded evidence, the prior fact of His dominant place in early Christian life, much will be achieved. But it will do more. For it is an earnest attempt to make relevant to our own day in fresh and living language the doctrine in some sense most central to Christian practice. To-day that practice is ineffective because it is peripheral, an activity around a centre allowed to die, as lichen empties at the heart of the widening circle it advances over the rock. For this 'hollowness' there is no remedy but in the 'recovery' or discovery of faith in God as Spirit.

***Fear Not.* By Desmond Morse-Boycott. (Religious Book Club.)**

This fairly lengthy book is believed by its author to be set full-course for the dispelling of fear from the modern mind, and when the highly picturesque dust-cover is surveyed from afar, with the rays of heaven beating across its expanse to illumine the darkness, expectancy of great things seems almost assured. But it is not likely that this ultra high-church rambling about many subjects will bring much relief. Part One: Are you afraid of your God? is a fifty page discourse on angels, their nature and order, mysticism, ghosts, fairies, and it abounds in stories of all sorts. Part Two: Are you afraid of your Church? discourses at great length on the Church from the Anglo-Catholic standpoint, in which the conclusion is reached that the chief thing wrong with the Church of England is her separation from Rome. This section also abounds in stories of one kind and another, but what it has to do with the resolving of fear it is difficult to see. This section, as would be expected, occupies the bulk of the book. Are you afraid of your Faith? and Are you afraid of your Death? complete what the author has to say on the great theme Fear Not. It is to be feared that not much fear will be dispelled by this ecclesiastical approach to a vital Gospel truth—perfect love casteth out fear.

***Israel's Mission to the World.* By H. H. Rowley, D.D. (S.C.M.P. 3s. 6d. net.)**

Within the compass of this brief study Dr. Rowley has succeeded in the not easy task on such a subject of giving a fresh and most attractive introductory study of Judaism and its contribution to the religion and ethics of the world. Many of the most significant passages of the Old Testament are discussed and illumined as he shows the connexion between Judaism and Christianity. The four chapters of the book were delivered at the Vacation Term for Biblical Study at Oxford, and the author's aim is a juster estimate of our debt to Israel than is generally recognized to-day. It is a plainly written study, well adapted in its treatment for the ordinary reader, as well also might it prove useful for the student. The unfolding evidence is easy to follow, and clearly proves we have entered into a great inheritance

for which we did not labour. Not only is the author fair to Judaism but most clearly shows something of its relevance to our modern world, with those noble visions of the universal reign of a righteous God, together with the high conceptions of a world-mission, and the penetrating glimpses of the springs of spiritual power. These have passed from and beyond Judaism into Christianity for the modern world.

*Church and State.* By Karl Barth. (S.C.M.P. 2s. 6d.)

Much has been written in recent days of the conflict between Church and State. In this book Barth is concerned with their mutual relations. The German edition (*Rechtfertigung und Recht*—'Justification and Justice') has already aroused considerable controversy on the Continent.

Underlying the whole work is the characteristic Barthian emphasis on the supremacy of the Will of God. All the conclusions are based on a careful exegesis of the relevant New Testament passages. The State, he points out, is in the New Testament a spiritual reality belonging in its origin and consummation to God. It may rebel, but—in the view of the New Testament in no circumstances can the "demonic" State finally achieve what it desires: with gnashing of teeth it will have to serve where it wants to dominate'.

Meanwhile, for Christians the only abiding State is the heavenly Kingdom of God, of which they are citizens 'sojourning' for awhile on earth. The norm of their service to the earthly State is prayer; though prayer implies will and effort that the State be just. Similarly the Church's responsibility on earth lies in her priestly office. She lifts the State to God by her worship, intercessory prayer, administration of the sacraments and preaching of divine justification through Jesus Christ. It is this proclamation of the law of Christ, Barth asserts, which founds in the sphere of human justice and politics the true system of law and the true State.

*The Fine Art of Public Worship.* By Andrew W. Blackwood. (Cokesbury Press, Nashville, U.S.A.)

Dr. Blackwood is well qualified to write on the conduct of public worship in terms of the average minister and the ordinary Church; he has had wide experience as a pastor, and is now Professor of Homiletics, Princeton, New Jersey. In this consideration of the meaning and glory of public worship he turns to three sources from which to present his ideal standards: the Bible, the history of the Church, and the Churches of to-day. The point of view is non-liturgical, yet there is the constant assumption of a large place for liturgical worship. The subject is first developed historically, then practically, setting up a background of the philosophy of public worship and then offering careful guidance for the application of the principles set forth. The Biblical approach and evangelical spirit, together with a frank and kindly appraisal of the ways of worship which now prevail in various

Churches, and a manifestly deep understanding of the subject, make this book a valuable contribution to the literature of public worship. The chapter on the Supremacy of the Lord's Supper, as the crowning service of the Church, earth's nearest approach to heaven, is particularly arresting. The book pleads that the man who leads well in the various types of worship is an artist second to none, he must be one who conforms to certain laws to attain certain ends, and it is claimed that this mastership of his high craft is an index of the minister's character. The writer's conviction is that the time has arrived for a revival of public worship as the finest of fine arts, and towards this revival no inconsiderable inspiration should be received from this delightful work.

W.G.T.B.

*The Message of the Book of Revelation.* By Cady H. Allen.  
(Cokesbury Press, Nashville, U.S.A.)

A delightfully workmanlike study is here presented for everyman. It deals with the practical unchanging message of the Revelation with clarity. It is a fresh and invigorating presentation of the assured victory of Christ and His Church; and an inspiring call to renewed loyalty to the Faith thrills through its pages. The historical background of the apocalypse is well described, and the confident assurance of victory that breathes all through its message, in the face of the dire peril of persecution, and what seemed the hopelessness of the Christian cause. And then the meaning of the Christian victory is shown, and the ground of its assurance. There is no effort on the part of this author to combine arithmetic with exegetical ingenuity and so get dates and happenings for things to come, but all through an effort to seek the fundamental truths underlying this strange book that many Christians find so dark and perplexing. This excellent study should make the teaching of the chapters of the Book of Revelation so relevant to the conditions of to-day that its message will be to us, as it was to the early Christians, a well of consolation whose waters cannot fail. The spirit of courageous trust in God and assurance of the outworking of His plans for this world, issuing in triumphant faith, is the glowing message of the last book of the Bible, and this author knows the message and sets it forth in his pages with inspirational intuition for to-day and its needs.

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

*Johnsonian Gleanings*. Part IX, privately printed for Author  
—Aleya Lyell Reade. (Percy Lund, Humphries & Co.  
Ltd. 21s.)

The new volume of *Johnsonian Gleanings* is the last of the series which deals specifically with the remaining material Mr. Reade has discovered relating to Dr. Johnson's early life and kinsfolk. He has spent more than thirty years in these literary researches. We have in this volume the evidence of the same critical care and thoroughness that have marked all the author's work. His aim has been to find the lost portions, or links, that have been needed to perfect the portrait of Dr. Johnson's early life down to 1740. We anticipate that in Part X, we shall have before us such a clear and straightforward account of the lexicographer's early career that will win the gratitude of readers who find constant delight in their Boswell.

It is well-known that this period of Johnson's life has never been as complete as his distinguished biographers desired to make it. We are the more interested, therefore, in the prospect of possessing at last an almost perfect narrative of Johnson's years of struggle and triumph. Mr. Reade reminds us in his Preface that there are still a few minor problems that have baffled him through the long years, but these we safely judge beforehand will not diminish the literary value of his story.

One of the most interesting and valuable discoveries the author is now able to reveal, concerns the Rev. Cornelius Ford, generally referred to as 'Parson' Ford, and Johnson's cousin, 'the cleverest and most interesting of all Johnson's kinsfolk'. Mr. Reade had never even hoped to find the valuable contemporary biographical sketch of the 'Parson' which he has printed in full. It is in form a letter, and in spirit, shows how highly the clergyman was esteemed by his friends, and how much they lamented his death, which had taken place a few days before it was written. It was by a curious coincidence that a clue was found which made it possible to trace the hidden letter through several intricate windings. The important thing about the discovery is that we now have direct evidence of the unique conversational gift of 'Parson' Ford, and that there remains no doubt of his remarkable influence in those learned literary and scientific circles which gathered around him to listen to the flow of his eloquence.

The question may be asked what that had to do with Johnson? As 'Parson' Ford died in 1731, Johnson was then only twenty-two, and of course, unknown. But it needs to be remembered that Johnson spent several months, during his schooldays, at Pedmore, near Stourbridge, with his clever cousin, so long indeed that when he returned to Lichfield Grammar School, the Rev. John Hunter refused to readmit him. It is therefore probable that in those impressionable years the youth found it difficult to break away from his cousin's



influence. It requires little imagination to see how Johnson was fascinated by the conversational power of his cousin. It is a reasonable supposition that it was then that Johnson received his first lessons in that very difficult art of intellectual conversation which was to make Johnson so famous long after his cousin had passed away. The advice and guidance of Cornelius Ford was not forgotten, as we may find from the stray references to his help Johnson acknowledged in his later life.

There are also many important sidelights given which provided links in other directions. There were families and connexions whose movements impinged upon Johnson's career in important ways. For example, in dealing with the Pyott family of Streethay, one piece of evidence now emerges which provides another reason why Pembroke College, Oxford, was selected for Samuel's education. The Pyotts were in a higher social circle than Michael Johnson, but Richard Pyott, it may be recalled, was one of the trustees of the marriage settlement of Johnson's parents. It has now been discovered that Richard Pyott matriculated from Pembroke College in 1679, and it is possible he advised his humble friends to send their gifted son to the same college. Samuel Swyrfen, Johnson's godfather, was of the same college, and favoured the choice. We can realize how it would at least give his parents confidence in taking that step considering their limited resources. In this chapter on the Pyott family, Mr. Reade has given us a long list of minor connexions between the Pyotts and the Johnsonian circle. To do this must have entailed the working out of scores of genealogies, the examination of masses of ancient wills and private documents, to say nothing of the endless correspondence with Johnsonian collectors and experts.

Those who are interested in Fielding's novels will find some intriguing references in the chapter dealing with Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, who was regarded as the greatest fox-hunting squire of his day. Some of the members of his family are supposed to be drawn as characters in Fielding's stories. The connecting link between Johnson and the fox-hunter is not yet perfectly welded, but it will be a welcome confirmation if evidence can be found to prove that Johnson, the lexicographer, was first cousin by marriage to the greatest fox-hunting squire of his day.

Each chapter contains fresh material which readers will find illuminating and instructive. The whole set of *Gleanings* form an excellent commentary covering the period that has hitherto been in need of elucidation. The last portion provides a few minor additions and corrections of the series, beginning with the Johnsonian portion of the author's large work—*The Reader of Blackwood Hill and Dr. Johnson's Ancestry*. There is an Index of forty-nine pages. The type, binding, and general arrangement follow the style of the previous volumes. Only a limited number of copies have been printed and application may be made to the Author, Treleaven House, Blundellsands, near Liverpool.

*The Reformed Pastor.* By Richard Baxter, 1656. Edited, with an Introduction, by John T. Wilkinson, M.A., B.D., F.R.G.S. (Epworth Press. 7s. 6d.)

Baxter's life was a succession of crises, and his books make good reading in a time of crisis. Mrs. Glegg, in *The Mill on the Floss*, favoured his *Saint's Everlasting Rest* in times of domestic storm. Baxter's Autobiography (*Reliquiae*) is full of rising storms, separations, persecutions, spies, informers, and imprisonments. He was present at the battle of Langport, and at many sieges, and within sound of the guns booming at Edgehill he was preaching to a spell-bound congregation on the text, 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence'. But Baxter's *Reformed Pastor* is his masterpiece and testament, and it is, in the opinion of the Bishop of Durham, the best manual of the clergyman's duty in the language.

Some readers will recall Milton's *Lycidas*, published nineteen years earlier, with its prophetic indictment of the clergy. Baxter's work was addressed to the Worcestershire Association, and it might fitly be dedicated to the Fellowship of the Kingdom, or to any ministers who have realized the sublimity and awfulness of spiritual ministry. The main divisions of the book, in the new chapter headings devised by Mr. Wilkinson, are concerned with the Pastor's Labours, his Confession, Motives, Constraints, and Dedication. As Wesley said, 'It is well worth a capable perusal'.

Baxter had what has been called 'a noble negligence of style', and the original work was long and wordy (with repetitions which Baxter justified by a humorous anecdote), so that we are the more indebted to Mr. Wilkinson for his judicious pruning, as well as for his exact and careful editorial notes. He has modernized the spelling and punctuation, but has preserved the seventeenth century idiom and Baxter's own incisive phrases and arresting metaphors. 'Many a tailor goes in rags, that maketh costly clothes for others; and many a cook scarcely licks his fingers, when he hath dressed for others the most costly dishes. . . . Take heed to yourselves, lest you live in those actual sins which you preach against in others.' 'All Churches either rise or fall as the Ministry doth rise or fall—not in riches or worldly grandeur—but in knowledge, zeal, and ability for their work.'

The volume is excellently produced, and is a joy to the reader, and a credit to the editor and publisher.

This is a book to read again and again, with humility and prayer, and every minister would be enriched by the Spirit which moves through the written word.

*Liberty and Authority in the Modern World.* By Henry Carter. (Merttens Lecture, 1939. 6d.)

This is the Merttens Peace Lecture for 1939. Its main argument is familiar: that the true synthesis of liberty and authority can only be found when the Spirit of Christ is directive in individual and society. Not so familiar is the searching analysis of the conditions which gave

rise to modern authoritarianism. The facts detailed in this booklet provide a clear warning against that abuse of authority whereby it becomes tyranny, and support its call to individuals and States for submission to Christ as the only Leader whose authority can secure perfect liberty. The lecture deserves a wide audience.

*The Resurrection of the Old Roman Empire.* By L. Sale-Harrison. (Pickering & Inglis. 1s. 6d. net.)

The very latest information on world movements is claimed by this small book. It is all worked out, according to the author's reading of prophecy, by a carefully conceived plan as set forth once more in the books of Daniel and The Revelation. There is to be a second League of Nations, but this will be destroyed because of its hostility to God. Then will the Lord appear. It is claimed that the founding of Monomarks Ltd. is a sign clearly stated in Revelation as marking the beginning of the end, and even the number of the wavelengths on the Radio for Moscow and Rome are said to have a special significance as heralding the final things. It is doubtful whether the author's aim of bringing joy to the depressed will be fulfilled by such use of Scripture.

## SOCIOLOGY

*The English Miss, To-day and Yesterday.* By Alicia C. Percival. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)

An interesting survey of ideals, methods and personalities in the education and training of girls during the last hundred years has been made by the assistant lecturer in the Department of Education at University College, Hull. The record is interesting from first to last as the story is unfolded of woman's struggle for recognition of her intellectual liberty and equality. The fight was waged by outstanding personalities on both sides. The course of woman's education was bounded throughout the century by the generally accepted conception of her destiny, but the way actually taken in the struggle was determined by the pioneers of the great girls' schools of the country. Contemporary fiction of the early days of last century, together with the records of its social life and the memoirs of its outstanding personalities, show that home-making and house-management were the main tasks of young womanhood in former days. The labour-saving devices, the machine-made materials and mass-production have rendered almost valueless the homecraft of the Victorian age. The home to-day is less the scene of a woman's handicraft and more the achievement of the specialist tradesman. Girls to-day go to the office rather than to the kitchen as a normal course. In the early days a plea for equality in society and education was occasionally heard, but the main business of a girl in the eyes of her friends was marriage, it being thought dishonourable for a woman to earn money. That prejudice died hard, but the work of the pioneer women like Queen Victoria, Elizabeth Fry, the Brontës, Josephine Butler, Florence Nightingale and many others finally won the day for female education. Many of these women were influenced either by their husbands or the men with whom they came in contact, their own family circles and in some cases their love of loneliness whether enforced or cultivated. The education of girls was given in good class homes by the father and mother, and was usually scrappy. It was followed up in some cases by a children's governess, which was both an advantage and disadvantage when the family was large. The general aim of such education was to get a husband. Miss Percival goes on to discuss the ladies' seminary, a place more likely to undermine a girl's constitution than to preserve it. These schools were poorly staffed and the threat of bankruptcy, coupled with the fact of much competition, made the work of the usually incompetent mistresses arduous. The final touch of a girl's education was often given at a foreign finishing school which was generally of doubtful value to morals or education. To meet the needs of the middle classes the Girls' Public Day School Trust was formed in 1873.

Victorian fiction portrays every type of governess, and in real life they varied from the noble governess of the Queen, Baroness

Lehzen, to the household drudge. In 1850 there were 21,000 women registered as governesses, mostly of noble birth and decayed wealth, whose qualifications were more moral than intellectual, and their lot, as a rule, was unenviable. The need for trained women teachers who had reached a certain standard led to the establishment of Queen's College, in Harley Street. It was begun by the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and reached a reasonable secondary education standard. The first principal was F. D. Maurice and the teachers at various times included Charles Kingsley, Dean Church, Sterndale Bennett, Stopford Brooke, Canon Ainger and Dean Stanley. The plan was fostered by Lady Stanley of Alderley whose work for Girton is well-known, and chief among the pioneers was Miss Dorothea Beale, who altered the outlook of a whole profession and of countless lives as the Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College. The great problems were the taboos of body, speech and action that crippled the progress of sane relationships such as are the standard to-day. The day of Queen's and Bedford Colleges dawned, and in 1878 the women were given the London degree. Medicine as a career for women was envisaged by Miss Elizabeth Garrett in 1862, but the Senate of London University refused her permission to sit for matriculation. The fight then passed to the gaining of the right to take the Cambridge Local Examinations, which, when won, made Hitchin and then Girton and Newnham possible. In 1878 London University granted complete equality, and the principle was extended till in 1920 full university status for women was at long last conceded at Oxford.

The High School for girls was provided and fostered by the Girls' Public Day School Trust, which came into full power as the nineteenth century closed. Predominantly Anglican in outlook, these schools provided an ordered, wise and effective education in company with the endowed institutions in the great towns. The next achievement was the establishment of the girls' boarding schools like Roedean and Cheltenham. These owed much to the personality of headmistresses like Miss Beale and Miss Lumsden, who resolutely overcame prejudice and created the high traditions which these and similar schools have to-day. Games were introduced as part of the curriculum, and the team spirit was imbibed. Lacrosse, net ball, hockey and even cricket followed tennis as part of education. In this direction, as much as in others, the progress is evident.

Side by side with the foundation of the girls' high and public schools came those of the Nonconformists and Roman Catholics. The severe educational and political disabilities against non-conforming religion were in measure the cause of these foundations. The Quaker schools, the Nonconformist academies and the Roman convents overcame these difficulties. The Methodists have nobly responded to the need in the establishment of schools like Trinity Hall, Queenswood, Hunmanby Hall, The Farringtons and the Jersey Ladies' College, which are among the best educational institutions of the day. The convent schools, founded in the main by French Catholics, offer an excellent education at minimum cost.

Miss Percival recalls the history of girls' education in Scotland as independent and liberal, and proceeds to describe the course of Primary Education in England and Wales, which was begun in the Sunday Schools and continued after 1870 in the board schools. It was a co-education system for the most part. The old dame schools also served a useful purpose and passed out of existence when the Montessori, the Froebel and the Parents' National Educational Union developed the training of little children on sound lines. In the twentieth century the good of the community and the highest development of the individual has been the avowed and realized aim of girls' schools everywhere. Citizenship has been emphasized, and the professions have been entered with increasing success, and we are only at the beginning of the mighty achievement when educated women and men will inspire and serve the great business of Life. This book is well written and illustrated, and the facts are fully documented. The cause of women's education is finely served by this survey.

*Preventive Psychology in Relation to the Pre-School Child.*  
By Thomas Metcalf. (Epworth Press. 2s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a successful practising psychologist. He quite properly states that 'the origin of most neuroses can be traced back to the first five years of life'. If this be so then it is plain that much more attention should be given to preventive than to curative psychology. It is much easier to create the atmosphere in which a mind can healthily grow than to dispose of a neurosis once this is firmly established. In this book most of the behaviour problems on which anxious parents seek light are effectively dealt with. Why children become obstinate or stubborn, why they are abnormally afraid, why they fall into tantrums, become jealous or tell lies, why they live too much in a world of phantasy—all these questions are helpfully considered. The chapters on the use of punishment and on sex education will be found particularly illuminating; but the book as a whole merits high praise and should be in the hands of all parents and teachers.

*Education for Christian Marriage.* Edited by A. S. Nash,  
M.A., M.Sc. (S.C.M.P. 7s. 6d.)

The importance of this book lies in its recognition that the Church in consecrating marriage must also accept the responsibility of education for marriage. Its fifteen chapters deal with marriage from many angles—theological, medical, psychological, ethical, sociological, legal and educational. Each chapter is the work of an expert, and the whole is united by a common Christian approach. It raises and discusses the problems relevant to each section in such a way as to provide a prolegomena to a Christian philosophy of marriage.

Adverse critics have already called attention to the chapter on the 'Medical Aspects of Marriage' by Dr. Russell, lecturer for the Church of England Moral Welfare Council. That chapter contains a full,



frank and detailed statement of the physical facts. 'Marriage', Dr. Russell affirms, 'is a sacrament—a sacrament of which husband and wife are ministers; consequently the physical basis of the sacrament is a matter of immense significance.'

That frankness is characteristic of the whole book. Problems are fearlessly faced and fully discussed; problems not solely of sexual relationships but of legal position, philosophical interpretation, pastoral approach and psychological adjustment.

The symposium is edited by Rev. A. S. Nash, M.A., M.Sc., joint-secretary of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, and is commended in a foreword by the Archbishop of York.

*The White Man's Burden.* By William Paton, M.A., D.D.  
(Epworth Press. 2s. 6d. cloth, 1s. 6d. paper.)

This year's Beckly Lecture is now available in book form at a price which places it within the reach of all. In *The White Man's Burden*, Dr. William Paton, Secretary of the International Missionary Council, gives us a remarkably concise and clear interpretation, from the Christian standpoint, of the white man's responsibilities to the races he has come to dominate. At the outset Dr. Paton recognizes that Christians are not in agreement regarding the nature of the Kingdom of God. Critical equally of the Utopianism which fails to acknowledge the terrible fact of human sin and of the purely other-worldly conception which has little to say to the actual world in which we live, he reaches his guiding principle that 'we must try to make the Christian understanding of life and the Christian compassion and recreating power real and effective in every part of life, and judge our actions by the absolute standards of the Kingdom of God'.

With this principle in mind, Dr. Paton then deals with the problems arising from the industrial and social development of Africa and Asia, with the problems created in the political sphere by white domination, and with the crucial issue of racial prejudice and discrimination. His judgements, as we should expect, are fair-minded and fearless. One will suffice to indicate his point of view. With India in mind he urges that 'it must be the task of the Christian in public affairs to insist upon the moral principles which alone justify the continuance, for a time, of the government of one people by another'.

A book published at the outbreak of war, even though it throws light upon world problems related to the conflict and of pressing importance, is in danger of being overlooked. We hope that no one who believes in the world mission of the Christian Church—or who stands in need of such a vision—will miss this slender but impressive book.

F. P. G.

## GENERAL

*The Persians by Aeschylus.* Translated by Gilbert Murray, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A. (George Allen & Unwin. 3s. cloth; 2s. paper.)

With the publication of this volume Gilbert Murray has added yet another contribution to his already lengthy list of translations from the Greek classics. Written for the Great Dionysia by Aeschylus and performed in the spring of 472 B.C., 'The Persians' has yet a message for the contemporary world. It is a lamentation in play form on the tragic outcome of Xerxes' unsuccessful invasion of Hellas. The translation is excellently rendered into English rhyming verse and forms a valuable aid to our appreciation of classical Greek thought and art.

*United Bible Study.* By H. E. Guillebaud. (Inter-Varsity Fellowship. 1s.)

The Bible Study Circle opens one of the best ways to the knowledge of the Scriptures, for it not only equips the mind but challenges the life of the student. United study stimulates as individual study seldom does, and these nine courses provide a wise and varied programme extending over three years. The author makes his choice from both Old and New Testaments, and surveys Bible characters, Christ's miracles and parables, the letters of the New Testament and part of the history of Israel. The method is that of a general introduction, followed by questions to be answered. Every question involves study, and therein lies its value. The idea and production of this book is worthy and worthwhile, especially to preachers.

*The Crime of Conscription.* By E. J. Watkin. *Bombs, Babies and Beatitudes.* By Donald Attwater. *Common Sense, Christianity and War.* By Gerald Vann, O.P. Pax Pamphlets IV-VI. (James Clarke. 6d. each.)

Three more peace booklets have been issued in the series of Pax Pamphlets. They present the views of outstanding Roman Catholics on the much-debated problems of peace and war. The first is by E. J. Watkin, a founder of the Pax peace society, and bears the title 'The Crime of Conscription'. The author uses the text 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's' to forbid military conscription. That compulsory service is immoral and a compelling of the entire nation to enter into war is the basis of the argument. The citizen is given the option, in the opinion of the writer, of being a murderer or a martyr. In 'Bombs, Babies and Beatitudes' the author frankly faces the weakness of all Christians on the subject of war. He finds it impossible to imagine a morally justifiable war in the circumstances which obtain in the world to-day, for not even a just cause is enough to make a war justifiable. He claims that we have the duty to refuse to resist

evil because Christian ends cannot be attained by organized hate and violence. This pamphlet is a virile, forthright statement, and is worthy of the closest attention. In 'Common Sense, Christianity and War', Father Gerald Vann, the founder of the Union of Prayer for Peace, rightly scorns the romanticism of war. War to-day is waged directly against the non-combatant, the very person who does not want war. Christianity will never save itself by suicide even if we are to suppose it might do so by murdering its enemies instead of proclaiming the gospel to them. We are neither wolves, tigers or mastiffs, but men and Christians. We have to aim at so establishing justice and charity that the ultimate crisis may not arise. The remedying of injustice is a better weapon for peace than the inflicting of injustice. Christianity does not admit that human nature is ruined, but only diseased and curable. These three clear-sighted and effectively presented pamphlets should be read by all Christians.

*Five Minutes to Spare and Other Talks to Women.* By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Epworth Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a rather commonplace collection of short talks to women, from which speakers may glean here and there a serviceable illustration. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's name will give the book a circulation and it is not lacking in useful material. It is colloquial in style, and deals with ordinary, everyday affairs—things of the kitchen, gossip, habits of speech, habits and manners that irritate, and actions and words that help. A talk on 'The Fine Art of Being Disagreeable' is an off-set to one on being 'A Cog in the Wheel'. People who practise both arts are to be found everywhere. The addresses are practical, not devotional; and while serving a useful purpose, one wonders at the absence of anything in the nature of a religious appeal. For, as most speakers at Women's Meetings know, the most helpful and appreciated talks are those in which the message of the Gospel is brought to bear on the problems and needs of everyday life.

*The Art of Preaching.* By Arthur Allen. (James Clarke & Co. 2s. 6d.)

This excellent little manual is a primer of homiletics. It is full of common-sense advice on sermon construction and delivery, and has a particularly interesting chapter on 'The Preparation of the Congregation for the hearing of the Sermon'. Here is a useful book to put into the hands of young preachers.

*The Mystery of the Fate of the Ark of the Covenant.* By Cyril C. Dobson. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d.)

The author of this brief book has mingled imagination and fact to his own satisfaction in an effort to prove the fate of the Ark of the Covenant. He confesses in several places his demands on our credulity, but has differentiated between fact and surmise. The book represents a good deal of research in a subject that has some antiquarian

interest though little practical purpose. The use of the Scriptures, combined with a superficial reading of history, may prove that King George VI (by omitting Edward VIII) has significance for those interested in prophetic numbers, but that kind of evidence is not valid for the modern mind. The future of man on the earth is surely not determined by the possible discovery, in a far distant cave, of the Ark of the Covenant. Such contention is a fatalism which is inimical to true progress.

*That was England.* } By Laurie Munro. (R.T.S. 2s. each.)  
*A Mighty Wind.* }

The first of these volumes contains two stories, one of Druid times and the other of Modern England. The tale of Stonehenge and the challenge of the early Christians is well told and is in harmony with the period. The second is a story of Dockland, of a suspected servant, an unemployed miner and the interweaving of their lives till the happy finale of marriage. The author has a flair for the tragic, and her imagination has full rein with good effect. The second volume is a story of the great Ulster revival of 1859. The mighty wind of the spirit blew across such strange places as the hardened consciences of Joe Thompson's employer and Winsome Kennedy's puritanical father. How things fared with Joe and Winsome is the theme of a well told tale.

*Christianity in Chains.* By E. G. Lee. (Longmans. 6s.)

This book is a plea for a living interpretation and an answer to the religions of Communism and Fascism. It opens with a survey of the mystical basis of Communism and Fascism. Both these secular creeds look forward to a future, the one to a millennium, the other to a new civilization. They both have a mystic absorption in the past which overcomes all uncertainty and in which time and space are annihilated. They affirm a vast realm of emotional fact as eagerly as does passionate Christianity. This secular mysticism has no solution for the problems of the interior self and cannot offer any account of individual experience. The Communist and Fascist are only concerned with exterior living and exist on the old faith they claim to have discarded. Thus they will not form a permanent way of life for mankind. Theistic religion includes all that is true in the secular religions and explores that strange universe of truth found within the self. Evil for secularism is always social and never individual. Innocent suffering and many other forms of evil, from which none escape, find no remedy either in Fascism or Communism. The poignancy of the situation drives men back to God who is not something demanding allegiance but a Presence Who infuses every act of the Spirit, One whose love cannot be estranged or altered. Sin is a loss of His presence. With Communism Christianity is in conflict about the actual nature of man and the way that nature should be expressed in the living tissue of social life. Fascism is not so important an opponent as Communism since it is confined to the nation state. The latter is

universal and denies the necessity for and the existence of God. As a result of the challenge Christianity is emphasizing the social argument. The need of the hour is the reconsideration of Christian Mysticism and a unique Divine revelation; a mysticism which is a communion with the living Christ, and a revelation which is beyond all the difficulty occasioned by the traditional Christian scheme. Mr. Lee graphically presents the problems involved in the Divine Revelation, the Divinity of Christ and the relation between Christianity and History as well as the difficulty of reconciling these with modern belief. Our task is to recreate the image of God in the knowledge of our day by deciding what is true within the Christian religion through the modern environment and then make this the bridge uniting the past and the future. The modern man must make independent judgements which will override certain of those of the past. Such judgements must be in a social context. Christianity would thus affirm that underneath the formal social relations of men there is a spiritual relationship of wills and sympathies that springs from the inner life of the self. There is a contrast between social and private moralities which demands the existence of God as a final arbiter. In this Christianity is paramount and it clarifies and inspires action. It transcends human values and insists that meekness is the real creative force between men. Any degradation of the individual is an abasing of the race. Social life and personal responsibility lead to more ultimate reflections upon the nature of the self. The lack of a social gospel in the Church is the result of its preoccupation with the inner man and the timeless things which religions like Communism and Fascism can never approximate. The need of Christianity is a re-thinking which will enable men to relate the past, present and future without the necessitarian doctrine of Communism or the compelling will of Fascism. A vision of God can alone save the world and there is a possible unity between the interior nature of the Christian religion and the modern situation of thought and practice through the indwelling power of the Spirit. The historic religious patterns try to interpret the vision they have seen of a reality that endures. None hold all the truth or fully interpret it for God is greater than all the time-conditioned patterns. While it is necessary to live within tradition if the perversity of undisciplined action is to be avoided, there must be a poise of freedom of spirit which provides the only real unity and vitality. The contention of the author is summed up in the sentence, 'Religion in the modern age should rise to the vision of a Theism that embraces all patterned expressions and provides the guarantee of the survival of what is true in them in the future'. It is thus that Christianity will lose its chains. This is a book of incisive thought which demands careful reading and repays study.

# Periodical Literature

## BRITISH

**The Expository Times** completes its fiftieth year with the September issue. The present writer well remembers the impression made during its early years. Preachers of that time used the *Expositor*, where Bruce, Marcus Dodds, Sayce Moulton and other leading teachers did great service in articles of scholarly research. The *Expository Times* came from Scotland, and at once made its appeal, no less scholarly, but of a homelier and more intimate order. Dr. James Hastings had an eye for young writers that was as keen as Robertson Nicoll's. He took a fatherly interest in those who approached him, and gave them free scope if they had anything worth while to say. His own 'notes' were incisive and practical; above all, the *Expository Times* never lost sight of St. Paul's motto: 'Do the work of an Evangelist.' Part of that work, in the editor's mind, bore on social questions. During the great war Hastings, like that great banker and scholar, Walter Leaf, threw his weight into the fight against the waste of national resources caused by the drink trade. The three characteristics of that day, scholarly yet homely preaching, New Testament evangelism and social work and welfare, are still prominent in this welcome visitor to the preacher's study. There are added two interests in rather greater prominence than was possible fifty years ago—the progress of the Kingdom overseas, and of archaeological discovery. Even the enforced increase of price, from sixpence to tenpence, during the last war did not kill the periodical. The six hundredth number (September, 1939) shows that any minister who, with mind and heart follows the lead of the *Expository Times*, will be equipped to be 'a sound workman, with no need to be ashamed of the way he handles the word of the Truth'; able to 'build squarely' and 'preach fearlessly'.

May the Spirit of the Truth, who guarantees the things that cannot be shaken, prosper this His witness during the earthquake that is now upon us.

**The Journal of Theological Studies** (July).—The article, six pages in length, is by D. W. G. Moore; its subject is 'Recent Studies of Kierkegaard'. Of the four Notes and Studies we may call attention to the Rev. F. E. Croydon's 'Notes on the Life of Hugh of St. Victor' and the second instalment of Dr. W. Telfer's important contribution, 'Didache and Apostolic Synod of Antioch'. As usual there is a long series of book reviews extending over fifty-five pages, and these are of high value, both for the range of subjects and for the competence of the reviewers. The principle, *cuique in arte sua credendum est*, is wisely followed. Once again we are indebted to the Rev. W. F. Flemington of Wesley House for translating the Chronicle of New Testament articles in German periodicals of the year 1928 which has been written for this Journal by Drs. K. Jendreyczyk and F. Lang.



**The Cornhill Magazine** (July).—This monthly pursues its steady purpose of providing the new and the best in modern journalism. 'The Curious Adventure of Mr. Bond,' as told by Nugent Baker, is a real thriller. The woes of the distressful country of Ireland in a former day are recalled by 'Carrigrohan'. Life, hard and raw, in the Khyber Pass is reflected in the true tale by Maud Diver. Literary fare of another type is provided by 'Arthur of Britain', from the pen of Ralph Shirley, and the 'Mysterious Hobby of Stamp Collecting', by Guy Boas. The number is international in authorship and theme, and as varied as good poetry, quick imagination and sturdy literary work can make it. The *August* number is outstanding for two fine pieces of work, 'The Burden of Nineveh', by W. B. Nichols, and 'Chasm', by Lord Gorell. The first is historical fiction of the highest order and the second is a biographical account of recovery from an operation so vividly written that it might be autobiographical. The remainder of the issue maintains the standard both in letters, poetry and fiction.

**Religion in Life** (Summer Number, 1939).—In a statesmanlike way this number opens with a consideration by Dr. D. C. Mackintosh, of Yale, of 'After Prohibition and Repeal, What?' He surveys the history, the subvention and repeal of Prohibition with the tragic story of increased drinking, poverty and immorality. He envisages the time when Prohibition will be re-enacted in the interest of all. 'The Church's Present Task' is discussed by Dr. F. C. Grant. He believes we need much more hard thinking in theology, the study of reunion (not the assumption of its actuality), the renewal of worship and the Christian social hope. Following on the second of these tasks is the study of 'The Church and the Worshipping Man', by J. H. Straughn, who contends that God is the primary Fact, that man must get rightly related to God and that the Church must effect this relationship. Dr. A. R. Wentz presents 'the New Testament conception of the Church' as Christian, holy, apostolic, catholic and one. The bewilderment of to-day is reflected in G. C. Vincent's article, 'Spelling God with the Wrong Blocks', and, what is more, he offers a way of interpretation. Psychotherapy and Christianity has exercised the minds of more than one Church in this country recently and after a historical résumé of the facts an American minister, R. R. May, has given us a critical estimate of its value and task. 'What is the Gospel?' is a vital question in these days of propaganda. Dr. C. E. Schofield stresses the adventure of the preaching of Good News, which must be a venture of faith and end in victory. A cognate paper follows on 'The Complete Faith' from the pen of Dr. H. M. Taylor. A fresh and vivid article by A. A. Hunter points out the place that irony had in the teaching of Jesus. He certainly clarifies the Word in several places. 'What does the Local Community expect of the Protestant Church?' is the question debated by R. W. Frank. He divides the expectation into what is not expected, what is expected and what is debatable. On each head the author has much of relevance to say. The uncertainty begotten of the international situation has made Dr. S. H. Miller write on 'Faith

and the Making of New Worlds'. Nels F. S. Ferré considers 'History and the Social Gospel' and bewails the fact that the Church lacks a sense of both history and Christian sociology. Miss P. G. Hammons interprets mysticism for Christianity to-day. Defining mysticism she proceeds to show how it answers the challenges of science and society. We expect great things from Basil Mathews and he asserts in a brief paper that the Bible emphasizes Revelation in order to achieve revolution. A biographical article on Lyman Abbott, by S. S. Parsons, is well written. Surveys of recent literature by Dr. F. J. Foakes Jackson and R. Birch Hoyle, together with reviews, completes an issue that justifies its title, 'Religion in Life'.

**The Hibbert Journal** (Vol. XXXVII. No. 4. July).—This number opens with an appropriate subject for to-day: Mental Disease as a present Factor in the Causation of War, by Professor Olof Kinberg, a well-known Swedish criminologist. It is a psycho-pathological study of deep interest, in which it is shown that war has ceased to be accepted as a self-evident and inevitable institution; that war as a means of solving great social problems is utterly futile; the remedy is worse than the disease. The psychological features of modern society are discussed and an effort made to understand the extraordinary paradox of preparation for world-war in some nations and world opposition to it. The conclusion is that there are no short cuts to world order. Baron Palmstierna has an interesting subject in Field-Physics and Thought. Baron Von Oppell writes a fascinating article on: The Strange Life Destinies of Elizabeth Ney and Edmund Montgomery. The Mystery of Education, by M. Caning-Pearce, is excellent reading, and is distinguished by a number of important suggestions in an effort to resolve the mystery. Canon Lyttleton issues A Challenge to Novelists, in which he declares that very many people under forty years of age read nothing except novels and the newspapers. This being so, it follows that successful novel writers are among the most potent teachers of the rising generation, because they adopt the one method of influencing public opinion which never fails. What are they teaching about life? A survey of Recent Theological Literature, by Dr. James Moffatt, and Reviews complete a number up to standard.

**The British Journal of Inebriety** (July).—The Midsummer issue is of unusual interest to the lay reader. The main article is contributed by Desmond Curran, the Psychiatrist of St. George's Hospital, London, on 'Some Present Day Problems regarding Alcohol and Drug Addiction'. In it he reveals the fact that inebriety is becoming increasingly the prerogative of the better classes in the community, while addiction cases in this country number only 630, with rather more women than men victims. It is strange that of the total number 135 are men doctors and 10 are women doctors. The difficulty of legislation against addiction is increased by the repugnance that is felt to any restriction of the liberty of the individual that is solely in his own interest. It is possible the evil of addiction may be caused by social starvation, and this in

turn is alleviated by the cinema and the radio rather than by specialized treatment. One statement of the lecturer will be of value to temperance advocates—that the capacity to drive a car is adversely affected by the smallest use of alcohol, an amount far below that usually associated with intoxication. The second article is by Dr. E. W. Adams, who writes on some recent work on the addiction problem. This has taken the form of a search for a morphine substitute, and an appraisal of withdrawal treatments. Dr. J. Y. Dent discusses the prevention of road accidents, and stresses the folly of the use of alcohol. He examines the case for blood tests in this connexion. Reviews and notices of books complete a useful number.

#### AMERICAN

**The Harvard Theological Review** (April) contains five articles. Professor J. A. Montgomery discusses the Hebrew *Hesed* and the Greek *Charis*. F. P. Magoun, Jr., has an interesting historical essay about Aldhelm's Diocese of Sherborne *Bewestan Wuda*. Theodore Silverstein writes about the Throne of the Emperor Henry in Dante's Paradise and the Mediaeval Conception of Christian Kingship. Robert Lee Wolff takes up the ever fascinating subject of Barlaam and Jeasaph. Finally, Prof. Campbell Bonner has a short account of a Coptic fragment of Melito's *Homily on the Passion*.—(July). This number consists of two essays of exceptional interest and great learning. Dr. A. Cameron of the University of Aberdeen discusses some inscriptions from Edessa and from the Lairbenos sanctuary which deal with the sacral manumission of slaves. They belong to the third century A.D., and the results which Dr. Cameron draws from a most careful study of their language and subject matter 'are of some importance for the question of sacral manumission in general and also for our understanding of the interrelation of religious, legal and social custom in an area where traces of an older theocratic system still lingered under Roman rule'. Dr. Grant McColley, of Smith College, brings forward exhaustive evidence to show (a) 'that *Paradise Lost* was designed as a non-sectarian epic and more or less deliberately modelled as well as based upon conservative religious literature'; (b) 'that Milton wrote his greatest poem to justify the ways of the Christian God, and to give artistic-prophetic expression to beliefs which were both vital and sacred to him'.

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